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SPECIAL PERSONAL INTERVIEW:

RICHARD ANDERSON
OSCAR GOLDMAN of
THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN
and
THE BIONIC WOMAN

LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING

However, the classic TV science fiction series, *The Outer Limits* did make good use of the visual shock produced by odd-looking aliens. Pictured here is an inhabitant of the planet Chromo. You can read the full story of the show as well as a complete episode guide, starting on page 54.

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STARLOG

NUMBER 4

THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE

March 1977

Business and Editorial offices:
STARLOG MAGAZINE
O'Quinn Studios, Inc.
180 Madison Avenue, Suite 1503
New York, NY 10016

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Kerry O'Quinn, Norman Jacobs

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About the Cover: Skilled illustrator Jack Thurston has brought the electronic adventure of two of television's most popular shows into sharp focus. Jaime Somers and Steve Austin are benevolently watched over by Oscar Goldman, the one character who appears regularly on both series. Richard Anderson, who portrays Oscar, is the subject of this issue's feature interview (page 16). Some of you may recognize Jack Thurston's name from the sensational "Star Trek" cover of our first issue. His precise style and dramatic lighting have made him a favorite of our readers. You might also recognize Jack's work from the dozens of movie posters and cover jackets he has done in the last few years. Posters for *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*, *Sparkle*, *The Doberman Gang*, *Elvira Madigan*, and *Battle of the Bulge* are just some of Jack's many credits.

STARLOG is published eight times a year by O'Quinn Studios, Inc., 180 Madison Avenue, Suite 1503, New York, N.Y. 10016. This is issue Number 4, March 1977 (Volume Two), copyright © 1977 by O'Quinn Studios, Inc. Subscription rates: $9.98 for eight issues; foreign: $15.00 (in U.S. funds). STARLOG accepts no responsibility for unsolicited photographs or manuscripts, but if free-lance submittals are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, they will be considered, and if necessary, returned. Reprint or reproduction in part or in whole without written permission of the publishers is strictly forbidden.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

Dear Reader,

This issue contains some important firsts for STARLOG:

David Gerrold—author of *Star Trek*'s legendary "Tribbles," his own *The Man Who Folded Himself*, and other novels and collections of short stories—joins STARLOG (page 12) as a regular contributor and our resident commentator on science fiction in the media.

When he wrote "The Trouble With Tribbles," Gerrold was the youngest member of the Writers' Guild; now he's one of the most vital voices in science fiction. He's a complex thinker, a devotee of movies and TV, as much a fan as any of us, and something of a nut. I think many of you will become addicted to his columns.

STARLOG has invited Gerrold to appear here *on his own terms*. We might not always agree with what he has to say. Likewise, *you* might not always agree with him. If you would like to write him a serious letter with disagreements, questions, or ideas, write c/o STARLOG and include a self-addressed stamped envelope for possible reply.

One more thing: David Gerrold lives in Los Angeles just out the Ventura Freeway from the major TV and motion picture studios. He is actively involved with the people and projects of Hollywood and promises, through his column, to keep us in touch with new SF activities and behind-the-scenes details.

Our other important firsts: a two-part article and a work of fiction.

The big article on 3-D movies in general and *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth* in particular, beginning on page 24, introduces so vast a topic that we have chosen to present, in our next issue, a separate, but related illustrated history of 3-D film techniques (did you know that the first 3-D motion picture was made in 1889 and that in 1922 a major New York theater was converted so that it could show *A Man From Mars* in its full three-dimensions?).

We've had a great many requests for fiction, so we've decided that we will, from time to time, present significant works that have influenced movies and/or TV. And we have an absorbing drama to kick things off: Fredric Brown's "Arena"—a short story with so fundamental a theme that it has served directly or indirectly as a basis for many other stories, films, and TV shows—including an episode of *Star Trek* and one from *Outer Limits*! Our new policy regarding fiction also allows us to commission thrilling works of art—such as the painting by Boris Vallejo that introduces "Arena" on page 34.

And, of course, there's more: two in-person interviews—one with Richard Anderson, who plays Oscar Goldman, and one with Nick Tate, who patterns his portrayal of Alan Carter after himself—and an indispensible article and full filmography of *The Outer Limits* on page 56.

This, I immodestly submit, is a dynamite issue of STARLOG!

David Houston/Editor in Chief

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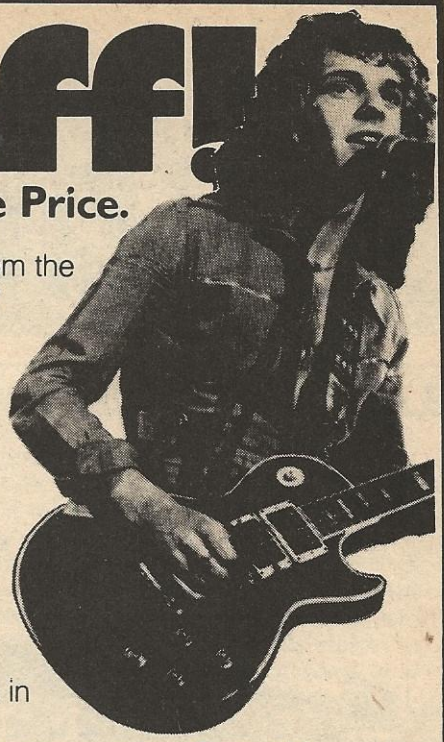

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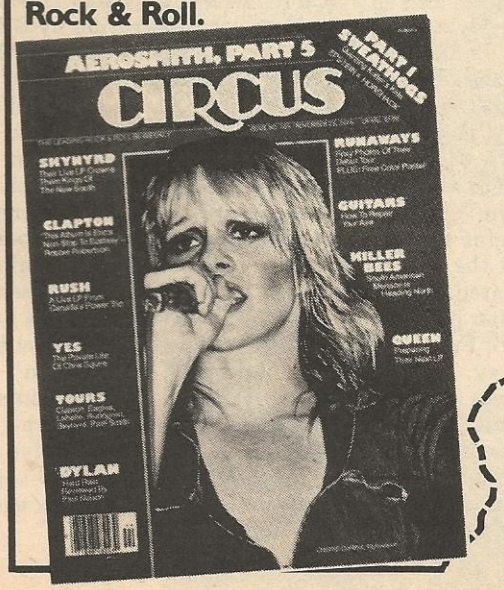

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LATEST NEWS FROM THE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION

LOG ENTRIES

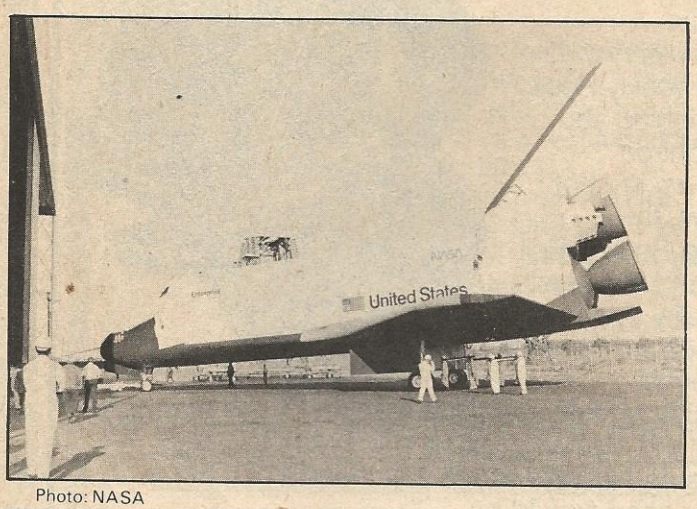

Photo: NASA

FLY THE ENTERPRISE

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is accepting applications for at least fifteen Space Shuttle pilots and fifteen Mission Specialist Candidates who will be chosen by December, 1977. Applicants need at least a bachelor's degree in engineering, physical science, mathematics, or biological sciences. Pilot applicants must have at least 1,000 hours of flight time. This is NASA's first call for new astronaut applications since 1967. For further information, write Astronaut (pilot) Candidate Program, or Astronaut (mission specialist) Candidate Program, NASA Johnson Space Center, Houston, TX 77058.

TCP: COMPUTER-LINK TO THE SF WORLD

For those people interested in accurate, up to the minute information on the entire field of science fiction in general and *Star Trek* in particular, "The Pacific Communicator" is one of the best sources we have found (we use it ourselves). In its own words, " TPC is a fan-produced, non-profit science fiction newsletter." Editor Michael Okuda publishes this news sheet monthly at a cost of $2.00 for ten issues (when he says non-profit, he means it!). It is printed on a computer print-out sheet to speed production and to hold down costs. If interested, write to: "The Pacific Communicator," c/o Michael H. Okuda, 3069 Hiehie St., Honolulu, HI 96822.

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SF RESURGENCE IN COMICS

There have been two magazines of note in the last few months to contribute to the growth and maturity of science fiction in the comics. Ironically, neither of them is in four-color. The first book, published in October, is STAR*REACH #6, from Mike Friedrich's STAR*REACH Productions. The cover bears a fabulous portrait of Michael Moorcock's "Elric" by cover artist supreme, Jeff Jones. "Elric" is featured in a new twenty-page story by Eric Kimball and illustrated by Bob Gould, a Barry Smith disciple. Also featured in this issue is a brand-new poem by Ray Bradbury, "Why Viking Lander/Mars?," with an illustration by SF artist Alex Nino. As a total package, issue #6 places S*R squarely in the forefront of illustrated science fiction magazines. It is in black-and-white and can be obtained from STAR*REACH Productions for $1.25 at P.O. Box 385, Hayward, CA 94543. The other step forward was taken by Marvel Comics with the release of the giant-size, special issue of "Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction." This black-and-white magazine was released in November as a $1.25 one-shot, to test the waters for future production. It contains eight illustrated stories, most of them new, some of them reprinted from past issues of UWOSF. One of these is an adaptation of Fredric Brown's "Arena," skillfully done by Gerry Conway, John Buscema, and Dick Giordano. In addition, there is an interview with Theodore Sturgeon and a column by authors Don and Maggie Thomson who are striving to be SF fandon's clearest and most perceptive voices. The stories cover the field and present a wide variety of different approaches and styles—enough to satisfy even the most voracious of SF appetites.

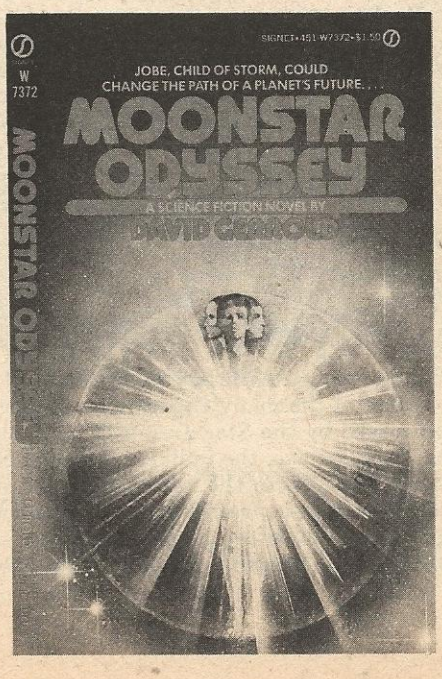
Charles Laughton retreats from the "manimals" in *Island of Lost Souls.*

RETURN OF THE "MANIMALS"

American International is in the process of re-making H.G. Wells' Gothic horror tale, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* Richard Basehart has been cast in the role of the "Sayer of the Law," which was played by Bela Lugosi in the original. Other members of the cast include Burt Lancaster, Michael York, Ian Bannen, and Barbara Carrera. The film was scheduled to start shooting by January first for release in the summer of '77. The original, classic adaptation of the Wells story was filmed by Paramount in 1933 under the title of *The Island of Lost Souls.* Charles Laughton gave a chilling portrayal of the evil Dr. Moreau. Also new from American International are *People That Time Forgot*—a sequel to their recent *Land That Time Forgot*, and *Empire of the Ants*, based on yet another H.G. Wells story. *People* is scheduled to start shooting sometime in 1977; *Ants* began production in November with a projected release date sometime in the summer of 1977.

HUGO AWARD WINNERS

Each year the Hugo awards are presented at the World Science Fiction Convention. Named after Hugo Gernsback (the electronic and publishing genius who first coined the term "science fiction"), the award represents the ultimate achievement for people in the field of science fiction. The 1976 awards were presented at the 34th World SF Convention in Kansas City this past September. Here are the winners and the division in which they won their awards: Best Novel—"The Forever War" by Joe Haldeman; Novelette—"Borderland of Sol" by Larry Niven; Dramatic Presentation—"A Boy and His Dog"; Professional Artist—Frank Kelly Freas (this was Kelly's *tenth* Hugo); Fan Writer—Dick Geis; Novella—"Home is the Hangman" by Roger Zelazny; Short Story—"Catch That Zeppelin" by Fritz Leiber; Professional Editor—Ben Bova; Fan Artist—Tim Kirk; Fanzine—"Locus"; Gandalf Award (presented by Lin Carter for life's work in fantasy)—L. Sprague de Camp; John W. Campbell Award (for the best new writer)—Tom Reamy. The 1977 Hugos will be presented at the *Sun Con*, September 2-5 at the Fontainbleau Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida (see page 13 for address). The Guest-of-Honor will be Jack Williamson, and the Toastmaster, Robert Silverberg.



GERROLD'S *ODYSSEY* A MAJOR DEPARTURE

Coming in February from Signet Books (New American Library) is the first novel from David Gerrold in over four years. *A Moonstone Odyssey* concerns the colonization of a barren planet and the efforts by the colonists to maintain a completely artificial ecology, including a "man-made" ocean, artificial eclipses, and a nighttime sun to break up the extremely long days and nights due to the slow rotation of the planet. The humans on the planet, in order to survive, have also had to induce some remarkable genetic changes in themselves. Gerrold is very excited about the prospects for the book, which represents a dramatic departure from his *Star Trek* oriented material of the recent past.

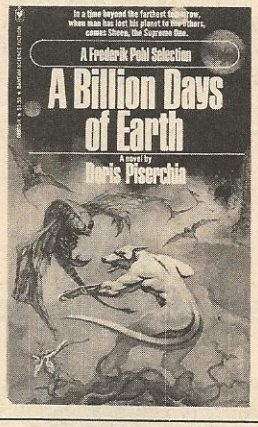
© 1976 Topps Chewing Gum, Inc.

BUBBLE GUM CARDS!

The Topps Chewing Gum Company has done it again! For years they had the monopoly on cards of the professional sports stars. More recently they have struck while the iron is hot, turning pop culture events into trading cards. *The Planet of the Apes* (movies and TV), Marvel Superheroes, *Happy Days*, *Good Times*, and, earlier on, *The Outer Limits* all have been turned into bubble gum trading cards. Now, ten years after the event, Topps has contracted with Paramount to produce *Star Trek* bubble gum cards. This is an unusual series in two respects: firstly, they have the full run of the TV series from which to choose (as opposed to making the cards before a show ends its run), and secondly, because the series has 88 cards and 22 stickers—many more than any of their previous TV series cards. The cards are composed of an action shot on the front and episode title and a short synopsis on the back.(We're confident that they will be accurate, as STARLOG contributor Gary Gerani wrote them). The stickers are basically full-face portraits of all the important characters. There are seven *different* Spock stickers. Each package contains five cards and a sticker and, oh yes, one piece of bubble gum: all for one thin dime.

STAR WARS PAPERBACK SCOOPS MOVIE

Star Wars: From the Adventures of Luke Skywalker, by George Lucas has been published by Ballantine. Lucas is the producer of the $7,000,000 Twentieth Century Fox film which is due to be released sometime late in 1977. The story concerns a galaxy-wide civil war, in which Luke Skywalker becomes involved via a holographic distress message from the beautiful Senator Leia, who is being held captive by the evil Dark Lord, Darth Vader. Luke's crackerjack skills as a pilot thrust him headlong into confrontations with murderous space pirates, hostile alien beings, and finally, he finds himself involved in a spectacular space battle with the planet-sized enemy battle station known as the Death Star. Still to come from Lucas are the concluding volume of *Stars Wars*, and *The Making of Star Wars*, a behind-the-scenes look at how the picture was made.



BILLION DAYS. . . NEW FROM BANTAM

From Bantam comes this month's "Frederik Pohl Selection," *A Billion Days of Earth*, by Doris Piserchia (210 pages, $1.50) about the strange inhabitants of the Earth of one million years hence. Humans have evolved into Gods, rats have become men, and cats, bees, and birds have been genetically combined into "zizzies." And everyone fights everyone else. Into this chaotic state of affairs, comes Sheen, a mercury-like presence, who is called the Supreme One. Under Sheen, the denisons of this future earth attack their Gods in a struggle for possession of the planet. Ms. Piserchia has also written the science fiction novel *Star Rider*.

LETTERS TO STAR TREK

Letters to Star Trek (Ballantine, 256 pages, $1.95) is exactly what the title says it is. Edited by Gene Roddenberry's secretary Susan Sackett, *Letters* is a survey of some of the many thousands of letters received and processed by the *Star Trek* staff and, since the show's network demise, the individual people concerned with the show. Along with the letters are comments and, in some cases, responses from Roddenberry himself. For example, in answer to one letter gently taking the show to task for some of its less impressive episodes, Roddenberry states: "It is a

(Continued on page 22)

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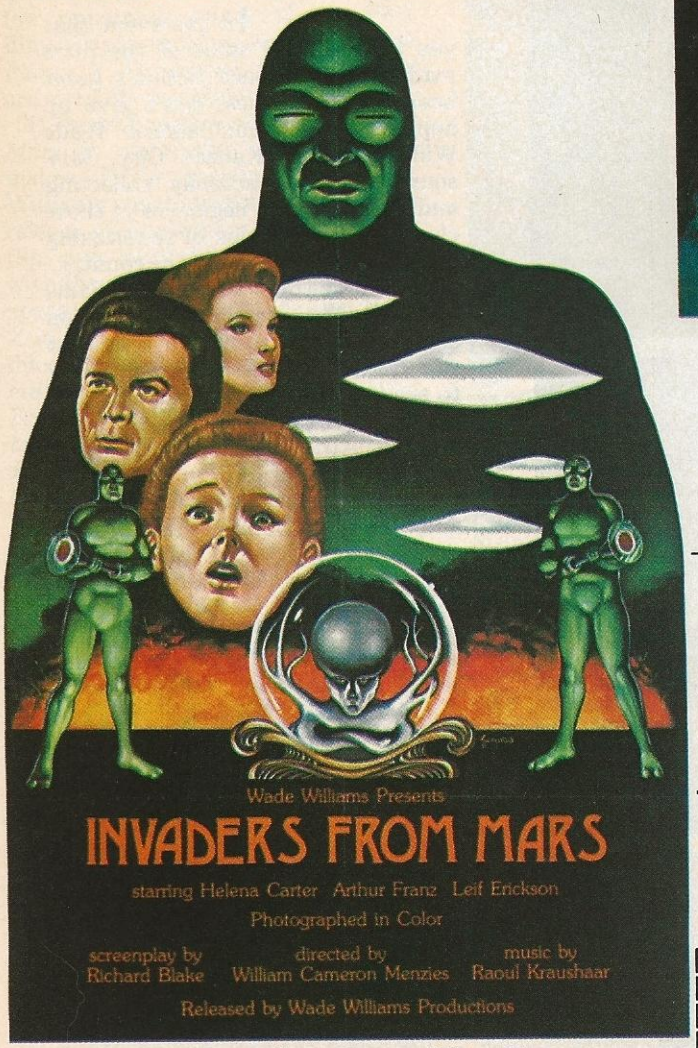
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screenplay by Richard Blake
directed by William Cameron Menzies
music by Raoul Kraushaar
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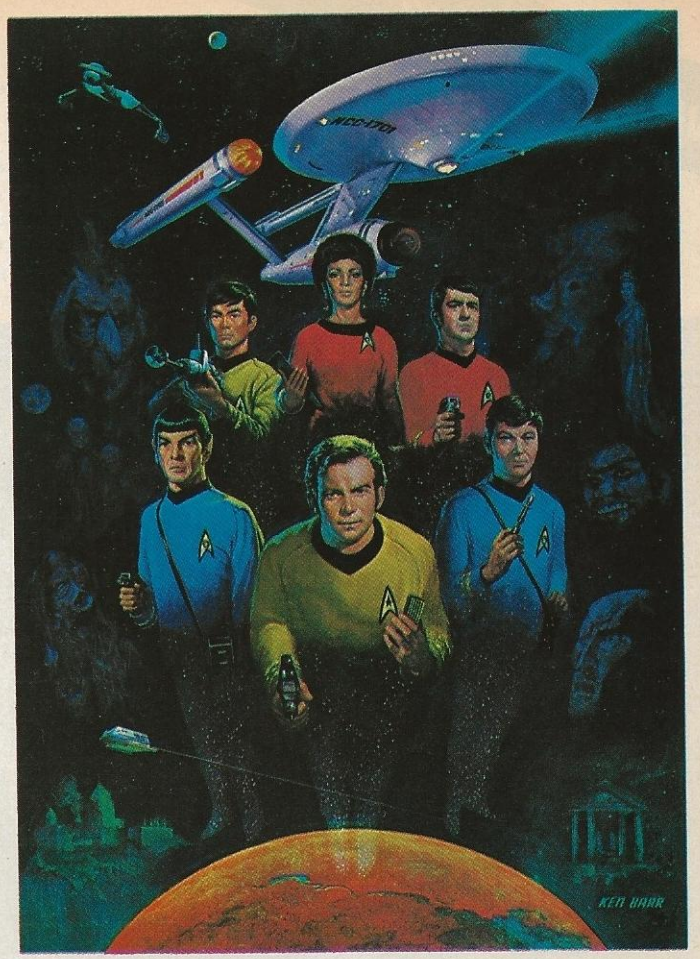

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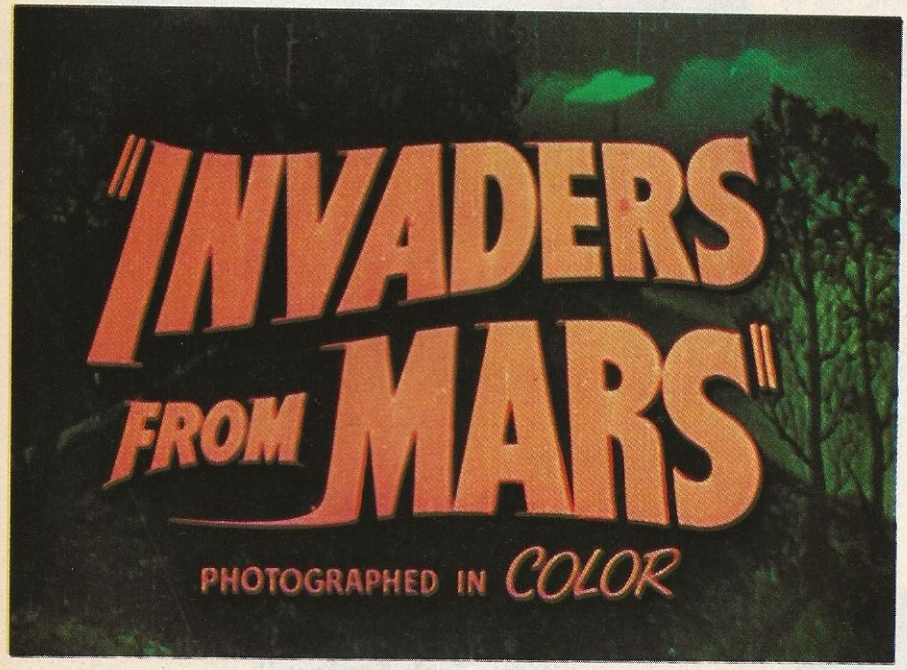
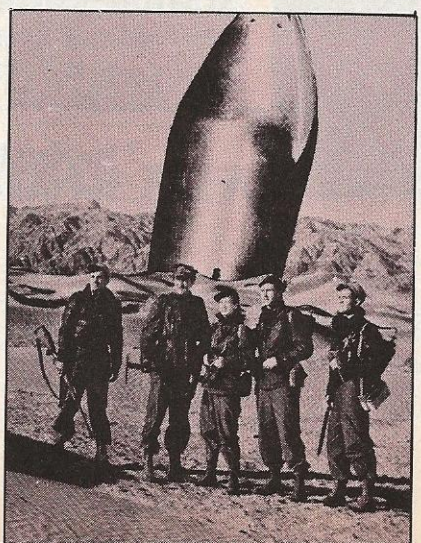
NEWSFLASH!!!

New Film Company to Re-release SF Classics





Wade Williams' next project will be the release of *Rocketship X-M* (right). Hopefully, through efforts of those like Williams, we will once more be able to watch heretofore lost SF classics. However, films such as *Man from Planet X* (above), of which Williams has one of the few remaining prints, may already be too far gone to reclaim.

By JAMES M. ELROD

In the event that you have missed some of the films made during science fiction's great boom in the Fifties, don't give up hope. A gentleman named Wade Williams, from Kansas City, Missouri, has been actively collecting and buying up old negatives of those classics with the idea of re-releasing them to theaters around the country.

The thirty-three year old Williams has been interested in science fiction since the age of eight, when he first saw *Rocketship X-M*. He went back to see it again—thirty times. It also got him started collecting SF memorabilia. After a period of trying to get started as an actor in Hollywood, he returned to his native Kansas City and eventually went into film production. His first attempt was a science fiction effort, which was shelved indefinitely due to lack of budget. Another film, currently in test release, is an adaptation of a story about the Manson "family" called *Helter Skelter Murders*. His real dream though, is the salvaging, repair, and re-issue of those motion pictures he has loved since childhood.

The first of his re-releases is *Invaders from Mars*, made in 1953. It was the last film ever directed by William Cameron Menzies (Menzies designed the sets for *Gone With The Wind* and directed *Things to Come*). The art direction and special effects were handled by Boris Leven (*The Andromeda Strain*), who, to quote *Box Office*, "used stark outdoor settings, dead branches, bubbles of the Martian underground tunnels, and the simple look of the flying saucer to create an air of unreality."

Williams told STARLOG of the problems involved in reworking such a film. The search for *Invaders* occupied a year of going through

records, writing letters, waiting for replies, and chasing up blind alleys. Twentieth Century Fox had lost the rights (and all records of ever having owned the picture), which had reverted to the producer. The producer had subsequently gone bankrupt, and *Invaders* had been sold at auction to a collector in London, where Williams finally found and purchased it. Then he had to go through the painstaking procedure of restoring the colors and having new negatives made, since the original had deteriorated almost beyond use.

Williams hopes that the recent resurgence of the science fiction field will increase the public's awareness of the very real possibility of permanently losing some of these classic films. Williams owns one each of the few remaining prints of the 1951 films *Flight to Mars* and *Man from Planet X*. Otherwise, these pictures are virtually non-existent.

If the test release of *Invaders from Mars* is successful, and the film makes it in general circulation, Williams' next project is to be the release of *Rocketship X-M*, the first film ever released to seriously deal with the problems and possibilities of space exploration. Made in 1949, *X-M* was written, directed, and produced by Kurt Neumann. The cameraman was Academy Award winner Karl Strauss; the editing chores were handled by another Oscar winner, Harry Gerstad; and the score was done by Ferde Grofe, better known for his "Grand Canyon Suite." Starring Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen, and Hugh O'Brian, *X-M* predates *Destination Moon* by a month and actually grossed more at the box office, in spite of its having been largely forgotten since.

The restoration of *Rocketship X-M* was an entirely different challenge from *Invaders*. The film was shot in black and white, which immediately leads most theaters to shy away from renting it. To overcome this problem, Williams has shot a new intro and finish tag in color, inserted color stock footage during the earth-bound sequences, and gone to the expense of a process called Auramation.

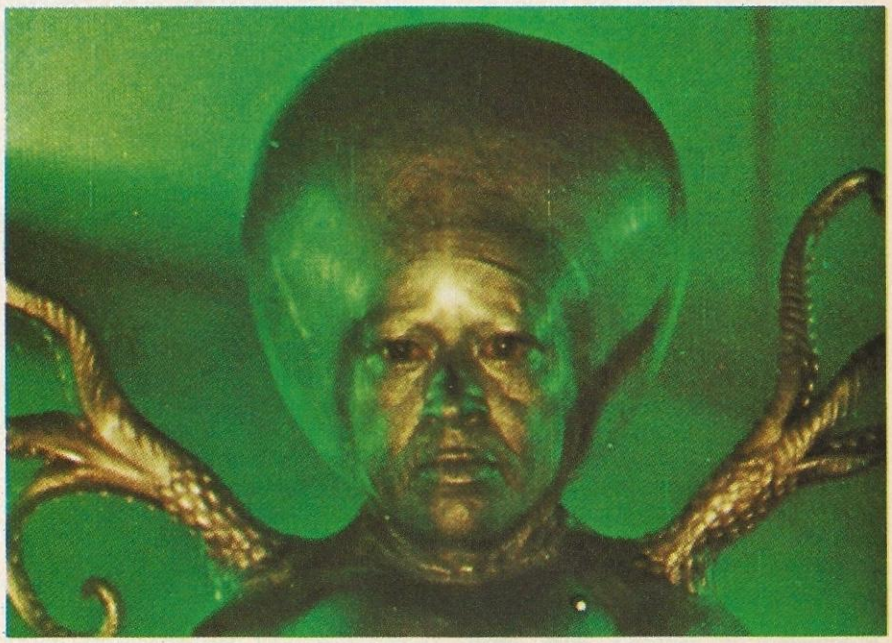
The process is a two-color additive system, in which, for instance, flesh tones can be laid over the faces and the backgrounds tinted with a different color. Obviously, this technique can be used only sparingly and in situations where some sort of unnatural lighting could reasonably be expected. This coincidence of settings evidently occurs often enough in *X-M* (in rocket interiors, for example) that, along with the other color sections of the movie, an impression is given of watching a color film.

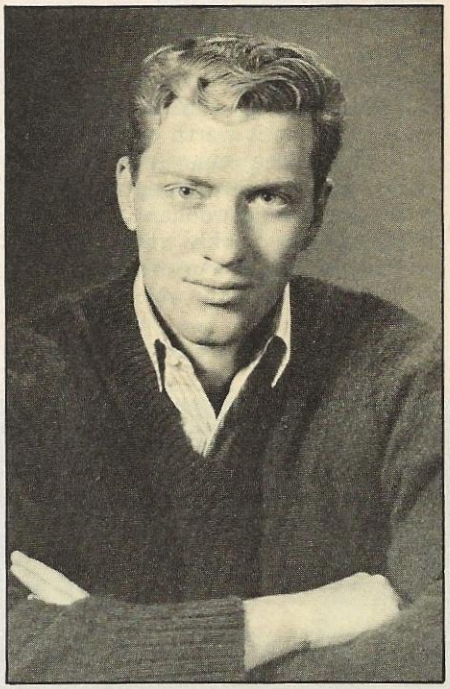
Williams is not terribly interested in producing original science fiction films. The main reason is his feeling that there is a general lack of good, adaptable story material available, and he would have to be totally committed to the story before he could think about making a film of it. Good story telling is the ingredient that attracted Williams to SF pictures of the fifties. In spite of a great number of poor quality films, the best of the genre are those which relied primarily on the *story* and not solely on spectacular special effects. Williams feels that many recent efforts, including *2001*, have paid too little attention to the story telling.

Interestingly enough, *Invaders* was produced to take advantage of the Saturday afternoon, kiddie-matinee market. However, because the production involved highly professional and talented people, their creative commitment turned the film into a serious classic.

Having seen far too little of these early science fiction greats, and harboring fond, warm memories for these great pictures, we sincerely hope that Williams succeeds in making a go of it. One of these days the neglect which these old prints have received is likely to be regretted by more than a few. But until that time, we will have to rely on dedicated dreamers and collectors such as Wade Williams to go to the effort and endure the frustrations necessary to find and restore to showing quality the movies of the Golden Age of science fiction. ★

Below: Here is the ominous, gold-hued and tentacled leader of the Martian invaders. Even more horrifying is the new ending of the film. It is actually the original ending that was rejected as being too scary.





Above: Wade Williams strikes a classic 1950's pose that goes well with his current project: the resurrection of previously unavailable 1950's SF films. It took him more than a year to find the negative of his first release, *Invaders* . . .

STATE OF THE ART

A column of opinion by David Gerrold

The most useless job in the world is that of the critic.

That is a prejudiced statement. I admit it, I'm prejudiced; I hate critics. There is a logical reason for me to hate critics, but despite the logic behind it, I still hate critics because of good, old-fashioned, downright petty prejudice.

I don't mean reviewers. Reviewers are okay—I tolerate them; they perform a valuable service. But, critics I hate. Critics are like crab lice. If writing a book is an experience as joyous as being in love, then dealing with critics (self-appointed and otherwise; there is a plethora of the former) is like finding out the next morning that you have caught a social disease.

And now, as the saying goes, (yesterday, I couldn't even spell *critik*), and now, I *are* one.

The things we do for money.

A reviewer's job (ideally) is to answer three questions: What was the author trying to do? How well did he do it? Was it worth doing in the first place? The reviewer helps you decide how you are going to spend your entertainment dollars. You learn to pick pretty quickly which reviewers' tastes match your own, and you learn just as quickly which ones to disregard.

But critics—that's another whole species, and not necessarily an intelligent one either—critics seem to function as opinion-makers for those who want to be "trendy" but don't have the time to form opinions of their own. Critics sit in judgment—they make arbitrary decisions of what is good and what is bad. I say arbitrary because their choice of criteria is *not* based on the standards of the author who set the creative challenge for himself; a critic measures you with his yardstick and then faults you for not living up to his standards. To support his judgments, he performs long, sometimes obscure, often heavy-handed rituals of analysis. (I told you I was prejudiced; I warned you.) The critic judges things on their political relevance, their psycho-sexual implications, and their "trendiness." Pretentiousness is often glorified. Making a profit is, if not a major sin, something at least vaguely unsavory. To call a work "commercial" is the ultimate insult. Ah yes.

This is STATE OF THE ART, a column of opinion by David Gerrold. Critic.

Boldly he marches into the wilderness of words, filled with high ideals and the determination to set a better example—determined to be more than just another fickle, bitter voice of doom, despair and destruction. (I figure I should be able to do at least three upbeat columns before I start sinking into the morass of despondency. Haven't you ever noticed how most critics are convinced that they are doing little better than throwing their pearls of wisdom before barely literate swine?)

Science fiction is a literature of dreams. It is a literature of ideas. It is a literature of escape. It is an amusement park that happens in your mind. It is for *fun.*

The motion picture medium is uniquely suited for science fiction. (I'm not saying it always, or even often, handles science fiction well; I am saying only that the medium can be one of SF's best expressions.) Film is manipulative reality. The filmmaker creates illusions of alternate realities, and you believe in them. You believe in the most basic illusion of all—that the picture you are watching is really moving when it's only a series of stills projected past your eye at twenty-four frames per second. You believe those images. You believe those actors are really the characters they are portraying. You believe that they are saying those words as a result of their own internal motivations. (When was the last time you paid to see a movie because of who *wrote* it?) You believe in the events portrayed. You *want* to believe in them; that's why you pay three (or more) dollars to sit in a large dark room for two hours to watch these pictures pretend to move. You want a reality created for you. Escape. Entertainment. Dreams.

I've been having a love affair with science fiction since I was nine years old and discovered the books of Robert A. Heinlein in the Van Nuys public library—by learning how to use the card catalogue, I managed to discover that there was another whole section of Heinlein books in the adult part of the library. And next to all those Heinleins were some Asimovs and Sturgeons and Clarkes, and well, one thing led to another. . .

It was always my dream to be involved in science fiction in some

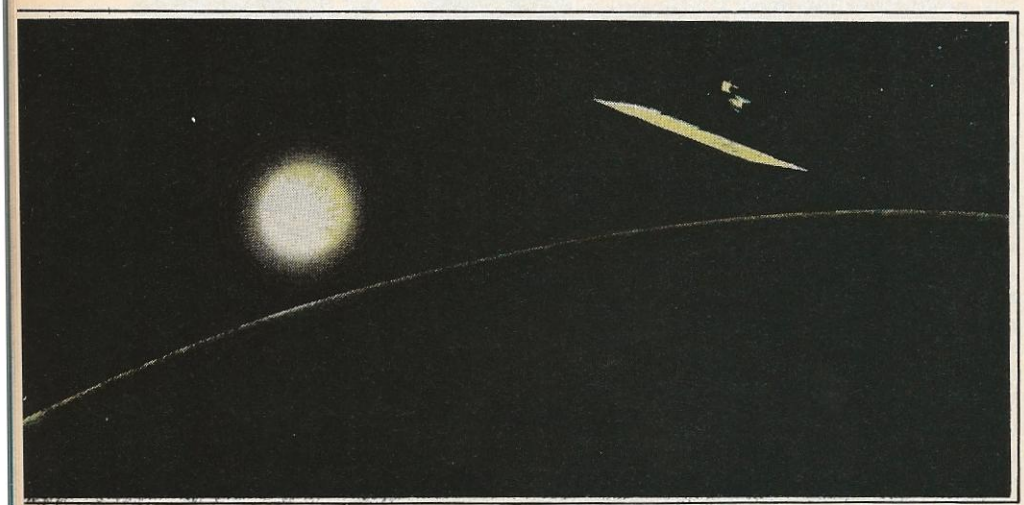


Photo: MGM

way—and when I saw films like *War of the Worlds* and *Forbidden Planet*, I knew I wanted it to be in film.

They weren't writing some of the books I wanted to read, so I had to write them myself. They weren't making some of the movies I wanted to see, so I will have to make them myself. (I'm working on it, don't rush me.) And I have this fear that one day someone is going to come up to me and say, "Well, that's all very good, David—but what are you going to do when you grow up? When are you going to stop playing and start being serious?"

You see, I'm having a lot of fun in science fiction—a shameful amount of fun in film. Orson Welles once said that a movie studio is the best set of electric trains any kid ever had. Well, so is a science fiction idea and a typewriter a great set of trains. And, if you combine the two—well, that's ecstasy on a scale surpassing almost anything else except, perhaps, being in love.

What I'm getting at is that I've been having so much fun in science fiction, and in television and movies, that I'm almost embarrassed to be getting paid for it as well. There are moments when it feels almost sinful to be enjoying my work so intensely. The word is *satisfaction*. Not to mention pride.

Pride happens when you know you've done a good job and you share it with others and they agree with you that it's a good job. It's a reaffirmation of your identity when they do that. And it's great!

There is nothing like a good, old-fashioned round of applause to cure an inferiority complex.

Which is why I hate critics—they rarely know how to applaud a job well done. And almost everybody is a critic. Especially on the movies.

Most of them don't know their hind ends from a hole in the ground.

If that seems harsh, it's meant to be. I am equally harsh of some of my so-called colleagues—the ones who call themselves writers but who would have trouble writing their way out of a pay toilet. I have very little patience for incompetence—whether it is behind the typewriter, in front of the camera, or sitting in judgment, ineptitude is. . . (I'll be mild here) *inefficient*.

It's too easy for a critic to be wrong. It's too easy to misunderstand. If he gets his facts wrong (and I am thinking of a specific critic now) then his conclusions are bound to be equally wrong; and it's too easy to get the facts wrong. All you have to do is to be too lazy to do your research to find out the truth of the matter—or even worse, too prejudiced to care. If you have your mind made up already, the facts will only confuse you. Most of the criticism I have seen—especially that of amateurs and the self-appointed—has been an exercise in misjudgment. (One of the few pleasurable exceptions is Harlan Ellison, who can be quite literate in his rational moments.)

Whatever other critics may write, I do not believe the job of a critic is to be judgmental. A critic is not an ultimate arbiter—he is, if he can do his job right, an *analyst*. His job is to bring his (allegedly) superior insight to the task of understanding, to help the more casual reader/viewer better understand what he is reading or seeing. A critic's job is not to be a taste-maker, but a guide, an educator.

Taste, it is said, is the result of a thousand distastes—it is the result of experience. The critic should be experienced, it should be his job not to tell the audience what he thinks, but what they should look for so they can think for themselves. The critic's job is to make good audiences into better ones by giving them the knowledge they need to better appreciate the escapes, the dreams, and the entertainment they are experiencing.

If I must be a critic, then that's the kind of a critic I would like to be. Then I wouldn't have to be embarrassed about saying, "Now I *are* one."

Toward removing that embarrassment, I feel my first column should take a small step. So here's a tid-bit concerning the film *2001* for you to dwell upon. It isn't explained in the film, but when you know this fact your whole perspective on it may be altered.

You've probably seen the movie. Remember when the ape throws the bone into the air and it becomes a spaceship? Remember the scene shows several orbiting craft, all with flags painted on them?

Fact: The first craft is *not* a spaceship, and neither are any of those other orbiting pieces of hardware. *They're bombs*. All of the space vehicles seen before Space Station 5 appears have flags on them, and all of them are orbiting bombs. (Ask Kubrick. He'll confirm it.)

Now think about this fact—not just what it means about the intent of the picture, but also what it implies about the state of humanity in the Twenty-first century. Whether you like that vision or not, you now have the fact that lets you see accurately.

There . . . I've already made you a little bit better as an audience. ★

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

Here is the latest information on upcoming conventions. Details for most conventions are often subject to last minute changes; for final details check with the person or organization listed.

ALBUQUERQUE STAR TREK, COMIC, & SCIENCE FICTION FILM CON
Albuquerque, New Mexico **Jan. 21-23, 1977**
Albuquerque Star Trek,
Comic & Science Fiction Film Con
2606 General Marshal NE
Albuquerque, NM 87112

PUGET SOUND STAR TREKKERS CON II
Seattle, Washington **Jan. 29-30, 1977**
Puget Sound Star Trekkers Con II
6207 7th Avenue, NW
Seattle, Washington 98107

SPACE . . . THE FINAL FRONTIER NO. 3
Oakland, CA **Feb. 11-13, 1977**
Space Con 3
P.O. Box 24022
Oakland, CA 94623

BOSKONE 14 **Feb. 18-20, 1977**
Boston, Massachusetts
NESFA
Box G, MIT Branch P.O.
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

LUNACON **April 8-10, 1977**
Brooklyn, New York
Walter Cole
1171 East 8th Street
Brooklyn, New York

WESTERCON **July or August, 1977**
Vancouver, British Columbia
Western Con 30
Box 48701 Stn. Bentall
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

STAR TREK PHILADELPHIA **July 15-18, 1977**
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Tri-Star Industries
88 New Dorp Plaza
Staten Island, New York 10306

SUN CON **Sept. 2-5, 1977**
(35th World Science Fiction Convention)
Orlando, Florida
Worldcon 35
Box 3427
Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08002

COMMUNICATIONS

VIRGIN KUDOS

. . . I have never written a letter praising a magazine although I have read many in my 40 years. I did not know what to expect when I picked up the first STARLOG issue. The format is stylish, the pictorials attractive, and the reading material the most informative, mature and interesting I have read in a long time.

Elsie McKay
West Seneca, N.Y.

. . . I have never written a "fan" letter to any magazine, but I freaked out over your first two issues. I would enjoy seeing articles on life in the future . . . color pictures of *Space: 1999* (Especially nude photos of Ziena Merton) . . .

John W. Chance
Los Angeles, CA

Just two of the many people we have lured into writing their first fan letter. Thanks, folks. As to the nude photos, STARLOG is not quite ready for that kind of "first." We're sure Ziena is flattered.

ALPHA's REVOLVING DOOR

. . . I was wondering why Prentiss Hancock (Paul Morrow), Barry Morse (Prof. Bergman) and Clifton Jones (David Kano) of *Space: 1999* are not in the second season.

Martin Collins
Elyria, OH

. . . I just don't see how so many readers can complain about every little detail. They're hounding your staff like a pack of wolves. To me, mistakes or no mistakes, STARLOG is number one. What happened to Victor Bergman (Barry Morse) of *Space: 1999*? What a team of science officers he and Maya would make . . And where did First Officer Tony Anholt come from?

Jeffrey Linehom
Wilmington, Mass.

. . . Your special section on *Space: 1999* was the greatest thing in a magazine I have ever read. My hat is off to you guys. But what happened to Barry Morse? Did he pull out? I think some of the other members of the cast also pulled out; is this true?

Glen Yamashita
Honolulu, Hawaii

We've received a flood of letters questioning the cast changes (both departures and arrivals) on Space: 1999, *Year 2. Here are the facts: Firstly, when Fred Freiberger took over the directorial reins for the second season, he decided to get right into the action and not go into an explanation of the character changes right away. Tony (Verdeschi) Anholt's mysterious appearance on Alpha is easily explainable and really no mystery at all: he was on Alpha all the time. The reason for his becoming a major figure is that Freiberger wanted a strong second-in-command figure to form a relationship with Maya to facilitate character and plot developments. Later this season, Tony's entire background from earth to Alpha will be explained and examined in an episode entitled "The Bringers of Wonder." Barry Morse left the show to do TV on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. It seems that he had passed up some good acting opportunities to stay with* 1999 *for the second season, but wanted a better contract. He and Gerry Anderson didn't see eye-to-eye on the details, so Barry bowed out. Prentiss Hancock was originally a fine soap opera actor on British television before his role on* 1999. *He had been receiving many offers to appear in British movies and TV shows and when no second year production decision on* 1999 *had been made, Prentiss decided not to wait. He opted for some of those British offers before the decision was made to go ahead with year two of* Space. *As for Clifton Jones' departure, the only information we could get is that he too has opted for British TV and the opportunity for a variety of different roles.*

AN OFFER WE CAN'T REFUSE

. . . As far as I know, none of Tennessee receives any of the *Space: 1999* shows. I would like to know if our local stations could telecast the *1999* shows and, if so, how we would go about contacting the necessary persons to do it. If you could do this, I'm sure all of Tennessee would really be grateful.

Daniel Angel
Clarkville TN

Try this: First, organize all of your friends toward a single, likely station. One of the top independent stations in your area would be best. Then write them, call them, send petitions. Also, let the show's distributor know what you're doing so that they can support your efforts from their end. The distributor is I.T.C., 555 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. Good luck to you, Daniel, and to all the other thirsty people around the country who have written us about their desire to see this series locally.

DENTAL PROBLEMS

. . . As much as I enjoy STARLOG, I do have one urgent complaint. For God's sake, it's not SCI-FI! It's SF! Every time I read the word "SCI-FI" my teeth gnash involuntarily. Why should I make my dentist any more affluent than he already is? Why should you invite the wrath of potential readers in the SF community? It just isn't . . . logical.

Amy Tedford
Salem, Mass.

To our surprise, we have received several indignant letters from readers who are personally insulted by the term "Sci-Fi" Everyone on our staff has been an enthusiastic fan of science fiction for eons, and no one here finds the slang abbreviation offensive. Does the term "TV" offend people in that field? Does the term "con" offend you when used instead of convention? Every field develops a glossary of shorthand words, and unless a term is intentionally aimed at deriding (as, for instance, "soap opera" used to be), there is nothing less dignified about the slang version. Sorry, we just don't understand your sensitivity to the usage.

THE ANSWER TO A TREKKIE's PRAYERS

. . . Is anyone in the *Star Trek* industry writing books on the making of the "Enterprise" drawings, the making of the manual's "Articles of Federation"?

Richard Musgrave
Chicago, Ill.

. . . I am looking for information about anything connected with science fiction. I would like to know about fan clubs, magazines, etc. I would also like you to print more articles about the *Star Trek* conventions.

Robert J. Walko
La Gragge, Ga.

. . . Could you please tell me how to get a *Star Trek* uniform or a pattern for one?

Wayne Davidson
Blacksbury, Va.

This is just a small sample of the letters we get for information about things Trek. *The 150 volunteer workers around the country who devote time to answering questions and supplying information for* Star Trek *fans is a unique and wonderful group. They are much better equipped than we are to respond to readers on topics specifically related to* ST. *Please address your inquiries to—*

STAR TREK WELCOMMITTEE
c/o Shirley Maiewski
481 Main Street
Hatfield MA 01038

FIRST CONTACT

. . . When I read your letters page and saw that your editors are from Texas I was greatly interested. You called the towns "watering holes," and I know the feeling. I live in a county with a total population of about 1,000 people. I am the only person in the county interested in SF. I will be interested in info on clubs.

Jabby Lowe
Tilden, TX

We have the wonderful feeling that STARLOG is reaching out and touching people all around the country . . . perhaps around the world. We thoroughly understand that feeling of isolation that comes from an internal passion that one feels nobody else in town shares. Hopefully, someone else in Tilden will read this and make contact with you. Among our editorial staff, quite by accident, we include people from Austin, Tyler, Abilene, and Lubbock.

READER REQUESTS

. . . Being a *Star Trek* fan and writing for a hobby, I have come up with an idea for a (*ST*) movie plot. Now could you help me and give me Mr. Roddenberry's address so I can send my idea to him?

Bill Lansdale
Middletown, Ohio

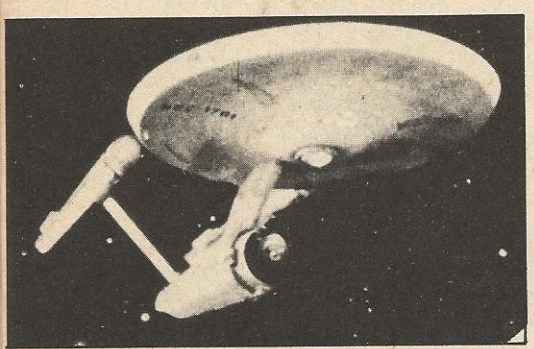
. . . I would like to know if you could give me Michael York's and Jenny Agutter's addresses so that I may write to them to compliment them on their acting in "Logan's Run"?

Doug Harris
(No Address)

. . . I would like to know where I could get some publicity stills and film clips for such movies as "Logan's Run" and "The Day the Earth Stood Still". I am also interested in where I could buy a copy of "Dark Star".

Eric Essman
Clovis, CA

STARLOG receives numerous requests each week for photos, posters, diagrams, personal addresses, etc., etc. Unfortunately for all these eager fans, we are up to our ears working on the magazine, and we have neither the time nor the facilities to answer these requests. What we CAN do is direct you to the proper people. In our next issue (#5) we will present a Complete Science Fiction Address Guide. Please be patient.



THE "NCC" QUESTION

. . . In Issue #2 the question was asked by Byron Cannon as to just what the NCC stood for on the USS Enterprise, NCC-1701. You stated it was the Naval Construction contract number which was a slight error. The answer can be found in the Lincoln Enterprise's 24-page booklet "Fifty Most Asked Questions." According to Matt Jeffries, who designed the original Enterprise plans, these letters were pulled out of the blue. Sometime around 1928, there was an international agreement and each country came up with a letter to designate itself. The United States become "N". The "C" also came into use at that time and stood for "commercial." These two letters followed by a serial number were used to designate ear-

(Continued on page 31)

STARLOG QUESTIONNAIRE

Each issue we ask our readers to join us in the planning of future STARLOGs. Please fill out the Questionnaire below (or write answers on a separate piece of paper) and send it to us today.

With your ideas, your likes and dislikes, your suggestions for upcoming issues, STARLOG will continue to grow into the kind of science fiction publication you really love.

The volume of mail we receive makes it impossible for us to reply to letters individually, but all Questionnaire answers are considered seriously, and letters of general interest may be selected to appear in future Communications.

Let us hear from you . . .

Mail to: STARLOG Magazine
180 Madison Avenue, Suite 1503
New York, N.Y. 10016

(1) My age is _____

(2) I (like) (dislike) this month's STARLOG cover because _____

_____

(3) I first discovered STARLOG magazine through:

_____ Newsstand display
_____ Saw a friend's copy
_____ Other . . . explain _____

(4) My three favorite magazines are _____

_____

(5) My favorite article in this issue of STARLOG is _____

_____

(6) My least favorite feature in this STARLOG is _____

_____

(7) In future issues of STARLOG, I would enjoy seeing the following:

TV Shows _____
Movies _____
Interviews _____
Subjects _____

(8) I am interested in buying science fiction:

_____ Books
_____ Records
_____ Games
_____ Other items _____

(9) My family consists of:

_____ Brothers, aged _____
_____ Sisters, aged _____

(10) Among my hobbies and pleasures I enjoy:

_____ Audio Equipment _____ Records _____ Tapes
_____ Bikes _____ Cars _____ Clothes
_____ Photography Equipment _____ Art

Other _____

_____

STARLOG INTERVIEW

Richard Anderson

(Oscar Goldman)

The Six Million Dollar Man, The Bionic Woman

Richard Anderson's role as Oscar Goldman has him leading a "schizoid existence," but he loves it. He likes to relax by doing some beach riding on his ten-speed.

By ISOBEL SILDEN

Steve Austin and Jaime Somers have bionic limbs, but it's Oscar Goldman who sometimes thinks he's leading a bionic life—sprinting as he does between the two hit ABC-TV series. And he's loving every minute of it.

Oscar Goldman, whose real name is Richard Anderson, says joyously: "It's a schizoid existence, being in two places almost at the same time, and this is the only instance where it has worked." He refers to Leo G. Carroll who played the same part in *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* and for a short time duplicated the feat in *The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.* which series ceased being avuncular after a short season.

The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel's posh Polo Lounge, where Anderson's favorite table is set in the outdoor gardens, under the shade of a huge tree. "Isn't it beautiful?" he surveys the flowering Gazanias, azaleas, pansies and ferns. He is appreciative of his surroundings, apparently oblivious to the whispers surrounding him: "It's Oscar Goldman!" "It's the man from *The Six Million Dollar Man*!" "It's the man from *The Bionic Woman*!"

It's a Saturday lunchtime, the only free day Anderson has had in weeks; the only one he can foresee for weeks to come. The Beautiful People are as fan-like as anyone else, and as admiring. He handles it in stride. He likes it.

"Recognition is great," he assents. "I can't go to the grocery store as easily as before, but I can still move around, because I'm really very low key."

That he is, but at a trim 175 pounds on his 6'3" person, he is not one who is easily overlooked. He does not look like an actor: this day his white shirt is mostly concealed by a white sweater, checked jacket and tan corduroy slacks. One spots trim bare ankles above his casual shoes. He is en route to the beach to ride his bike for a few miles, after the interview is completed.

"I'm so glad to be here," he continues his reverie. "I am so fortunate, doing what I enjoy... acting... the camaraderie on the set ... everything!"

A jaded observer of the Hollywood scene might consider this a "hype"—the actor saying what he thinks the interviewer wants to hear. Not so in Anderson's case: the man seems genuine, deep-thinking.

How did he get to be Oscar Goldman?

"The phone rang and my agent said 'There's a show called *The Six Million Dollar Man*.' And I said '*That* sounds good!' "

Undoubtedly, he thought he would either be or make six million dollars from this show, and he now allows—four years later—that there *is* a potential of close to six million dollars to be made from both series. At the time, one gathers that was not really his main concern. As Anderson

Photo: © ABC

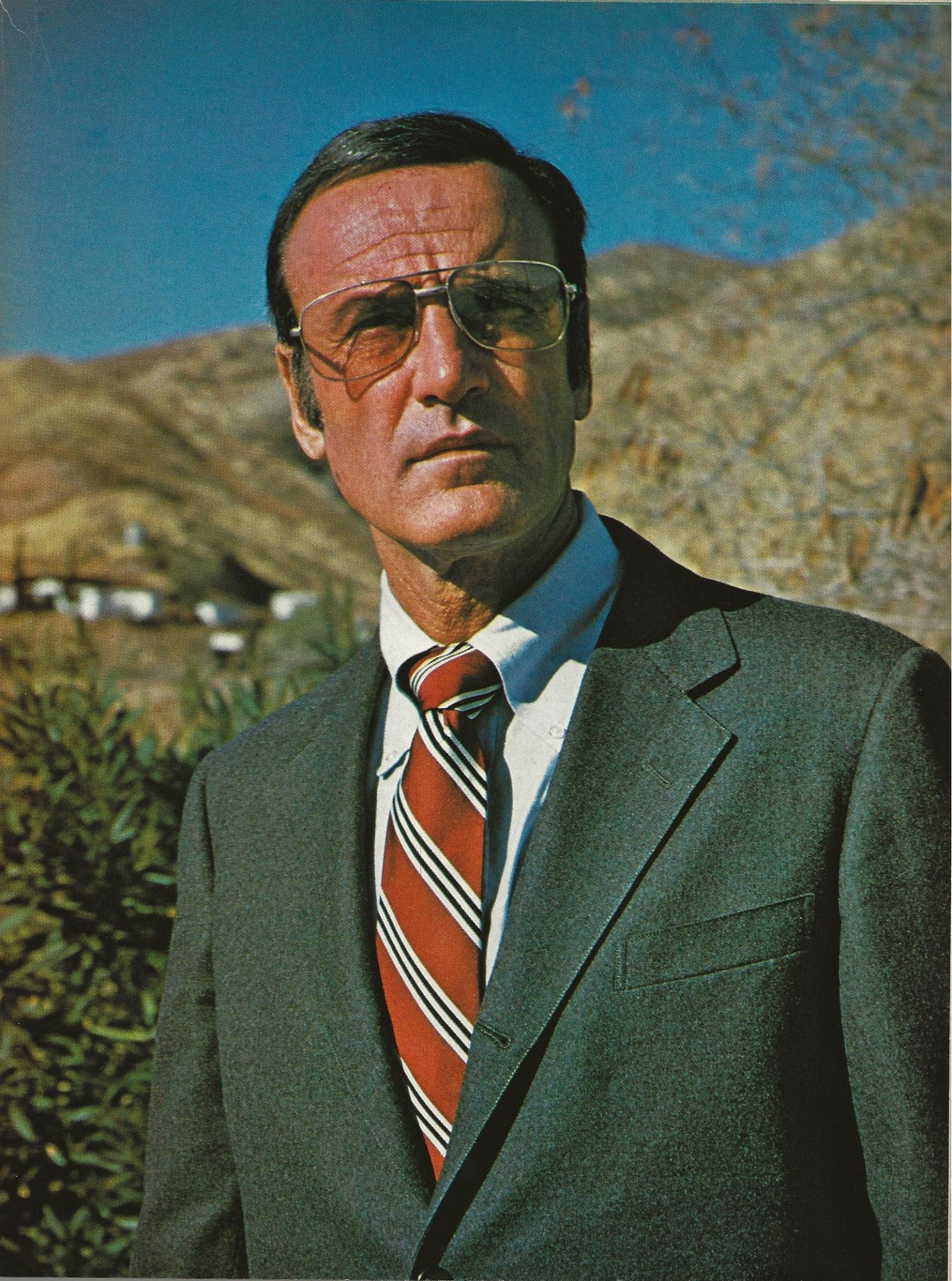
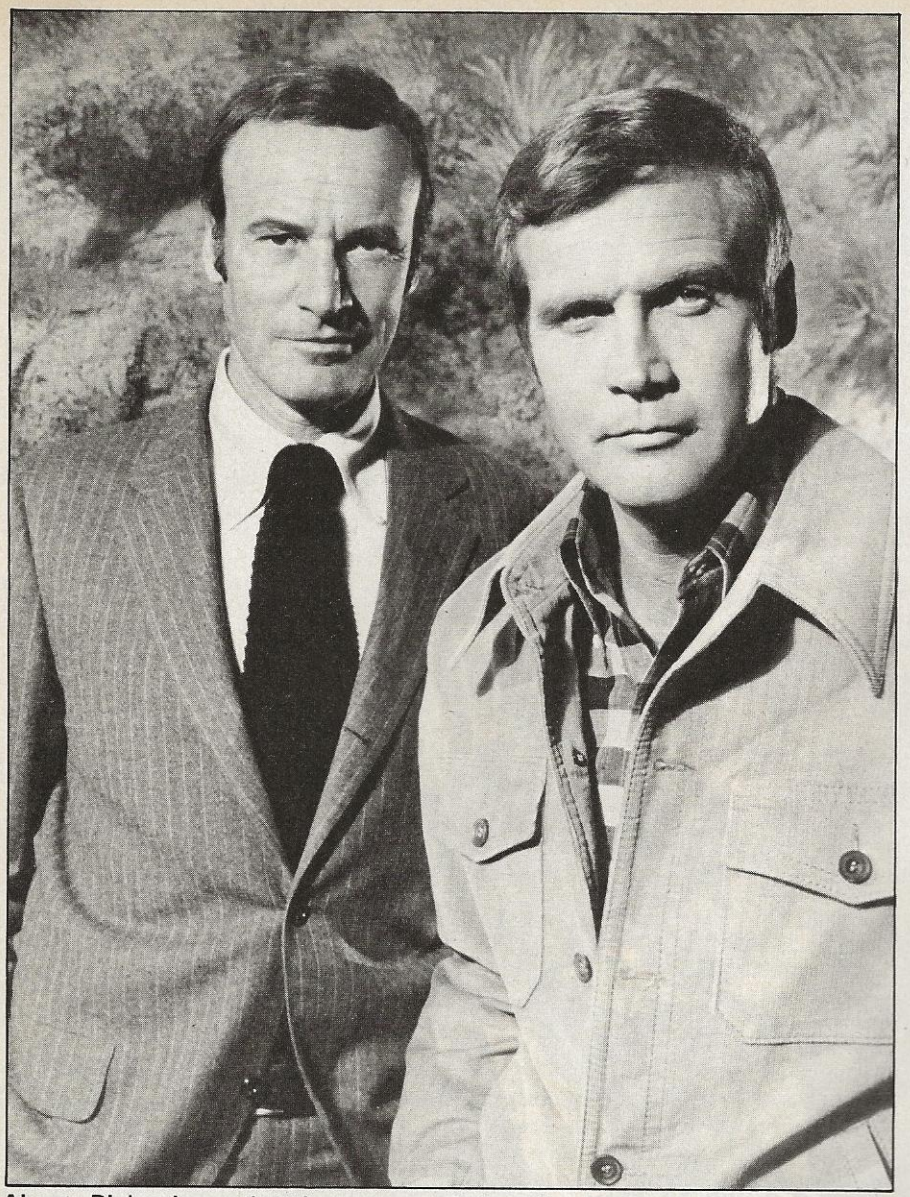
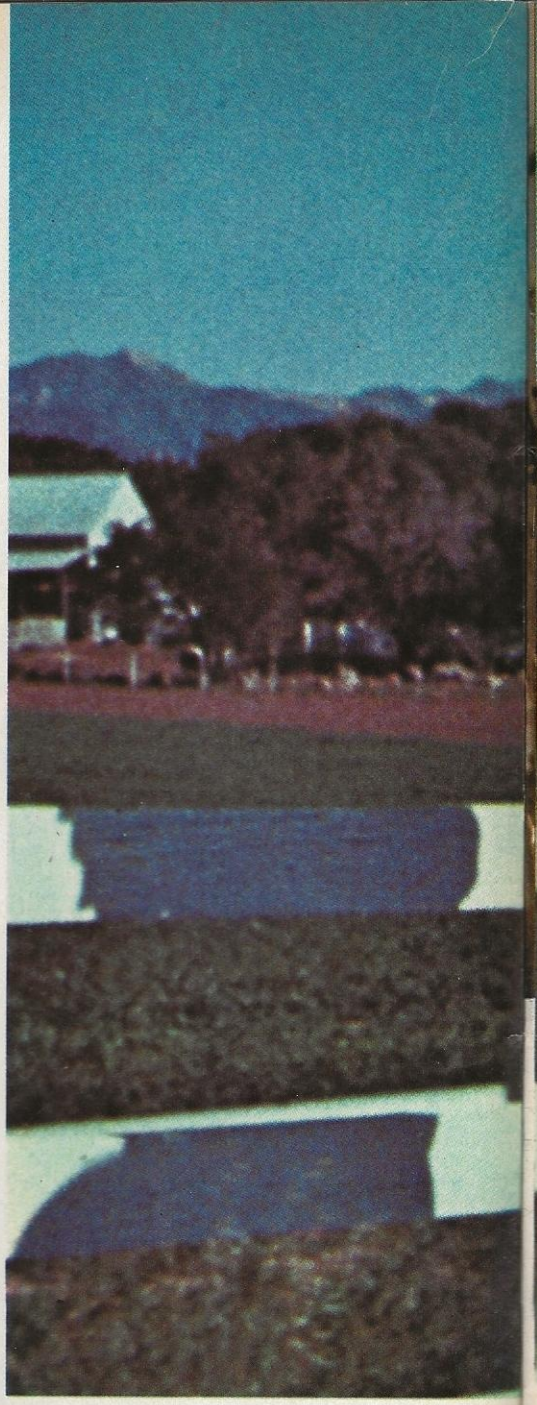


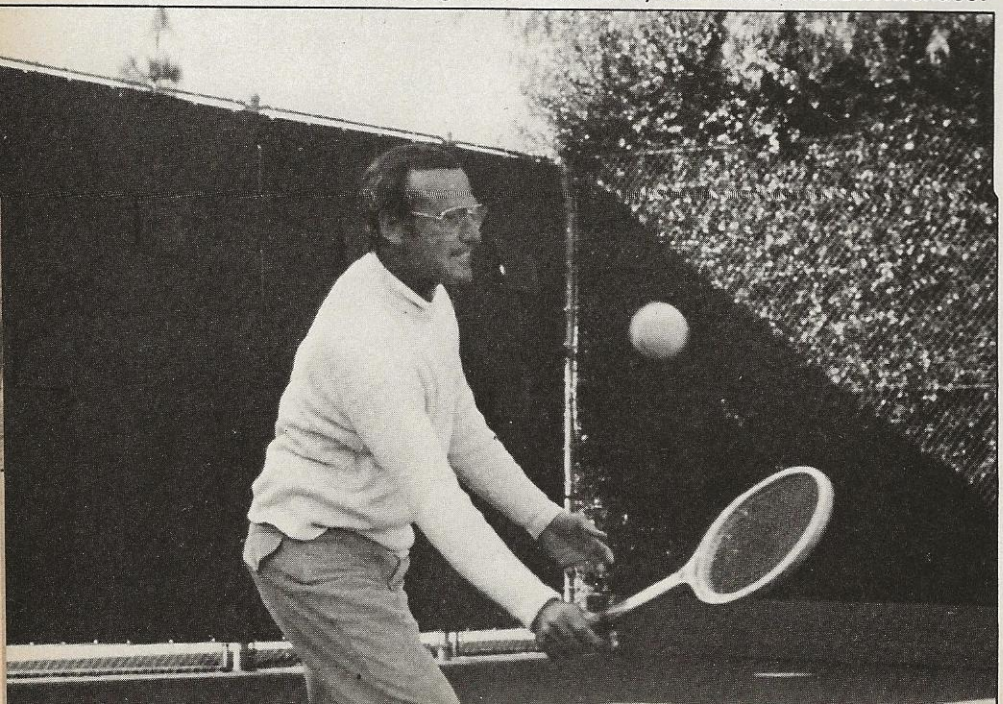
Photo: © ABC



Above: Richard says that there are two sides to Oscar Goldman. On *The Six Million Dollar Man*, he plays it tight and straight to complement Lee Majors' portrayal of the strong hero.



Below: No, Richard is not about to hit himself in the mouth with a bionic tennis ball. Actually, he is a good enough player to participate in the Hollywood Celebrity tournament held in Monaco.



puts it: "An actor has to act, has to work. I had always said I wanted to do every TV episode I could. I wanted everyone to see me on every show. There's no such thing as overexposure. They don't see all of you of every show—the audience, that is. They only peak at you. At the same time, the producers and network executives, who are also peaking, figure: 'He's working, he must be good. Let's get him for *our* show.' "

His philosophy has paid off. He can't even estimate how many TV appearances he has made. Before Anderson became Goldman he had been a Hollywood staple, learning his craft in countless movies.

He was born in Long Branch, N.J., to a wealthy family who lost their money during the 1929 stock market

Photo: © ABC

Using Oscar as a major link between the two shows has enabled the writers to continue the relationship between Jaime and Steve.

debacle. He grew up in Los Angeles. did his part to help save the world for democracy in World War II, and studied acting at the then-famous and illustrious Actors Lab in Hollywood. In 1947, Anderson began his acting career in summer stock in Santa Barbara and Laguna. He was signed to an MGM six-year contract and appeared in 26 films during that time.

His official biography states that he gained his releases from MGM in order to appear in the powerful film, *Paths of Glory*, which was filmed in Germany. Other noteworthy credits include Fox's *The Long Hot Summer* and *Compulsion*.

"Then I went to Broadway to do a play for the Theatre Guild, *The Highest Tree.*"

It was not a high success, one gathers, so Anderson came west again and began his assault on television.

"And the picture came out just right," he concluded that portion of the conversation. "You understand what I mean?"

Yes. What he visualized for his career has come about. To be sure, Anderson never saw himself co-starring in two hit series dealing with science fiction, because he wasn't an afficionado of the genre.

"I wasn't particularly interested in it, and I didn't know too much about it. I prefer to refer to it as 'science probability,' and I know far more about it now," he laughs.

Dedicated viewers of both shows are doubtless aware that there are different nuances in the approaches Anderson takes to his scenes with Lindsay (Jaime Somers) Wagner and Lee (Steve Austin) Majors. He is delighted that we have noticed.

"You are seeing two sides of Oscar and Richard," he explains. "Yes, there is a difference in playing the two shows. Jaime allows me to add some colors. She is a lady," he adds with fervent appreciation. "*The Bionic Woman* show is funnier, looser, because Lindsay has a relaxed humorous quality. *The Six Million Dollar Man* is more of a straight adventure show and Lee is a very

Above: Yes, it *is* Richard Anderson as Engineer Olonzo Quinn from the all-time great, 1956 SF classic, *Forbidden Planet*. Right: Quinn and Cmdr. John J. Adams (Leslie Nielson) examine the ruined *klystron modulator*. Unfortunately, Anderson's relationship with science fiction ended with this film. It wasn't until a certain astronaut suffered a re-entry accident that Richard moved back into sci-fi.

Richard enjoys the success he has achieved as a pivotal figure in the two series. He also enjoys his VW camper with the strange license plate.

David Hartman (*Good Morning America!*) and Richard have been good friends for a long time. Even with their busy careers, they still find time to get together for a quiet, poolside chat.

Richard is thoroughly professional and all business when it comes to work. But his subtle sense of humor and wonderful smile belie his inherent seriousness.

Photographs by WILLIAM SCHREINER

strong, independent man. So that's the way his character comes across."

What about this implied romance between Oscar and Jaime?

"Oh, it's definitely there," he confirms. But he won't suggest that the characters might be fooling around. He prefers to compare it to the situation between Matt Dillon and Miss Kitty. No one ever knew what they were up to when they weren't watching. He does believe that Oscar could be in love with Jaime. "He couldn't help himself," Anderson reasons.

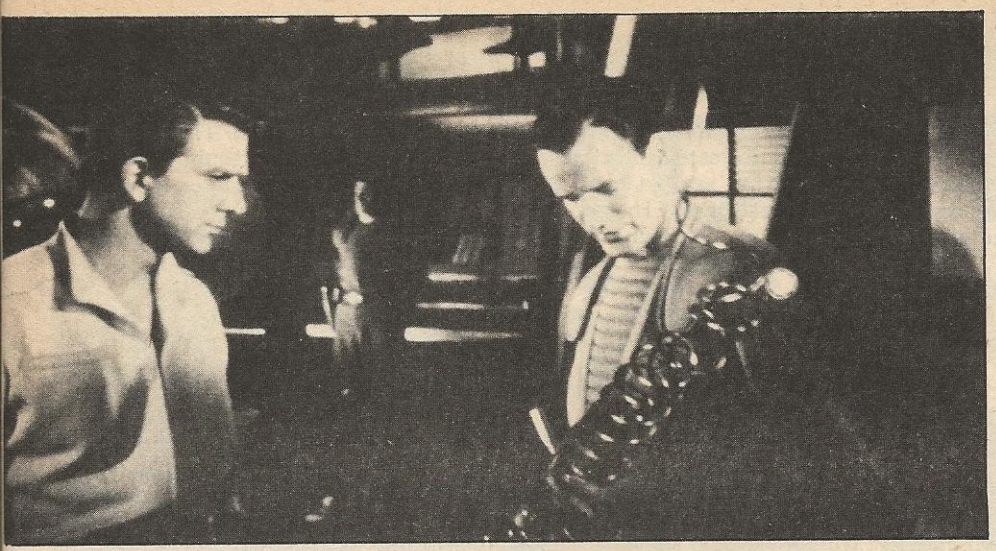
Visitors are still unwelcome on the sets of both series, for the same reasons: the pressures of time and risk of distracting the actors. As a thorough professional, Anderson appreciates the opportunity to concentrate entirely on his character.

"Movies can sometimes be an art," he will concede, "but they are always a business." Autographs get signed on your own time, not the company's.

Had he not decided to be an actor, what would he have done?

"Gone into government service," he replies promptly, and is more than somewhat surprised when he is reminded that that's exactly what he is doing for a living on the series.

It is not easy to capture the real Richard Anderson on paper. He is a supremely intense individual. He thinks out his sentences as carefully as an attorney would prepare a brief, from points A to B to C a logical conclusion. And yet there is humor, as low-key as the man himself. His smile flashes easily. There are just enough laugh lines around his eyes to give his face character. He's a man you would trust to take charge in any situation. Also, you would not care to be his opponent in the singles tennis games that he relishes—if you cared about winning, that is. He is a very good tennis player and will probably join other Hollywood celebrities when



they go to Monaco next year for their annual tournament.

"It would be nice to see Grace again," he muses. "We were under contract at MGM together."

Grace? Oh, the Princess, formerly little Grace Kelly from Philly. Of course. And he's not name dropping either. He's known them all. He was around during the movies' Golden Era. He freely admits that the late Gary Cooper was his idol.

"I learned so much from him. I asked him once what was the most important thing for an actor to have. 'Good feet,' he told me," Anderson laughs in loving appreciation and reminiscing. "Another time, I asked how he could act with the camera right up close, literally in his face. The audience would be there, *right there*. 'Don't let them know *you* know it,' " he shares.

It is apparent that Anderson literally loves every moment of his life. "Success is great," he repeats more than once, cherishing and relishing in it.

Despite the frenetic work schedule he has assumed, there is still time for tennis, bike riding, and dining in good restaurants. He is now single, but does not rule out the possibility of marriage, although he does make it seem rather pontifical as he pronounces, "I am for the institution of marriage." When asked how he liked living in that institution, he replies with a gutsy laugh and comments no more. And so he now lives alone in a hillside home, with a housekeeper coming in a few times a week to tidy.

"I swim. I'm building a Jacuzzi at my house. I eat good food; I stay healthy and I like the sun." He travels a great deal, too, for fun and for pleasure. Upcoming is a week in Vancouver for some syndicated television show tapings. Then another week in Hawaii doing commercials for a banking institution. ABC sent him to Australia for a three-week promotional tour last year and he enjoyed that, particularly tennis-playing on grass as they do there.

How long does he project his two series will last?

"I don't have a crystal ball, but I feel both shows are turning into institutions. I don't talk with either Lee or Lindsay on these levels, but I do believe you don't run away from a running horse," is his analogy of the situation. "Let's just say things have fallen into place. I've been broke: listen, I came back here from New York in the winter of 1959 with my car and forty-six cents in my pocket. I spent the money on some shrimp and regarded the situation as a challenge. Being broke isn't so horrible. You can always make money."

"But I'm grateful for all this. Success is easy to handle, believe me," again the broad, grateful smile. He's wearing stardom gracefully, too.

During the photo-taking for this story, Richard was greeted poolside by a sunburned gentleman in blue swim trunks. It was his longtime friend, David Hartman, star of ABC's *Good Morning, America!* The greeting between the two men was a delight:

"I always said we'd make it, didn't I?" Richard reminded David.

"Oh God, yes, and it's so great," David replied with *his* joyous smile. "Somebody interviewed me la week and said 'Isn't it rotten to have to get up so early?' And I told them 'No, I'm earning a living doing what I most enjoy."

"Isn't that what I just said?" Richard turned to me.

It was the appropriate exit line, leaving the two old chums together appreciating each other and their good fortune. ★

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RETAIL WHOLESALE

(Continued from page 8)

pleasure to receive a letter from someone who . . . puts the show into its proper perspective. I am also happy to find that some people do understand that *Star Trek* was, within the limits . . . of mass audience television, an attempt to express something of my own philosophy.

"The problem faced by the television writer is that the networks have an almost pathological fear of any comment on any meaningful subject. . . . Its [television's] sole purpose is to sell beer, spray deodorant, soap, and so on. They are not interested in attracting people who think too deeply (since they are not likely to be influenced by the commercials) and neither do they want their mass audience distracted by too much thinking in the intervals between commercial messages."

Letters to Star Trek represents perhaps one of the most interesting glimpses into the *Star Trek* phenomenon to date, and as a bonus, offers some quite enjoyable, literate reading.

CAPRICORN ONE: SPACE DRAMA TWIST

ITC begins production in January on a new film called *Capricorn One*. Written and directed by Peter Hyams, the cast list is filled with big-name stars from film and TV: Elliot Gould, Brenda Vaccaro, Telly Savalas, Hal Holbrook, Candice Bergen, O.J. Simpson, Sam Waterson, and James Brolin. Capricorn One is the official name given to the first manned Martian landing mission. At the last moment before takeoff, the Project Director realizes that there is a fatal flaw in the mission that will bring disaster and disgrace to NASA and the United States. To forestall this occurance, he kidnaps the entire mission crew and sends their ship off without them! To continue the charade, a Mars landing is staged in a western American desert and "beamed back" as the real thing!

CLASSICS AND FUTURE CLASSICS FROM BERKLEY

Berkley Books' new titles through January are primarily reprints and re-issues of popular novels by some of the important names in science fiction. On the shelves by January will be two reprints of A.E. van Vogt's, *The Players of Null-A* and *The World of Null-A*, with another edition of *Slan* due to be released in March. *Star Bridge* by Jams Gunn and Jack Williamson is next, followed by *Clarion*, edited by Kate Wilhelm, and Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Word for World is Forest*, about an idyllic world suddenly engulfed in terror. Also due for publication is *Cemetery World*, by Clifford D. Simak. Of particular interest is the first American printing of *Solaris* by Stanislaw Lem, which served as the basis for the recently released Soviet film that won the Grand Jury Prize at the Cannes Film Festival.

BITS AND PIECES

Universal Pictures is set to do a big-budget remake of the minor classic *The Incredible Shrinking Man* . . . the Harry Saltzman film of *The Micronauts* (speaking of shrinking) started filming in December . . . New World Pictures is wrapping up work on *Deathsport 2020* starring David Carradine . . . Carradine is also starring in the *The Serpent's Egg*, now in production, by Dino (*King Kong*) DeLaurentiis . . . Now that filming is well under way, the complete cast of *The Deep* (by the man who wrote *Jaws*) has been announced: Robert Shaw, Nick Nolte, Jacqueline Bisset, Lou Gosset, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Robert Tessier, Dick Anthony Williams, Earl Williams . . . *Zarkoff—Half Man, Half Beast* just finished shooting in the Philippines; release is set for March 15 . . . There's a new one from Japan: *Godzilla Versus* (are you ready for this?) *The Bionic Monster*; it has just been acquired by Cinema Shares Corp. for immediate distribution . . . Marilyn Chambers is filming her first SF flick, a thriller called *Rabid*, shooting in Montreal. She plays a girl transformed by plastic surgery(?) . . . Though ABC insists that the Bionic Boy episode was *not* a pilot, the excellent reaction of both the audience and the critics may eventually lead them to change their minds. Singled out for special mention was Vincent Van Patten. Federico Fellini will be making his first science fiction film for *Penthouse*, and the *Penthouse-Viva* "Pet-of-the-Year," Laura Doone will have a starring role. ★

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Old science-fiction 3-D movies are being re-released: *The Creature From the Black Lagoon* and *It Came From Outer Space* have been making the rounds lately in an eye-straining red-green process. And there is a promise of new and better films and processes: *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* is currently doubling with a 3-D film never before released, *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth* and these two are in the best 3-D system ever made available! There's even a possibility that some films made in 3-D but never released that way will now be seen as originally intended. While there have been a variety of problems with 3-D—technical, psychological, financial—we believe that the process can contribute greatly to the thrill of science-fiction—where the undreamed-of made real, a sense of being transported to other times and places, and the wonder of advanced science and technology. . . all are experienced through a process that possesses those magical properties *itself*. It is surely time for a rebirth of. . .

SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIES IN 3-D

Richard Carlson learns that the "BEMs" who "came from outer space" have assumed the likenesses of several local people in order to search out materials to repair their disabled, stranded spacecraft.

By DAVID HUTCHISON

"I think the combination of 3-D and science fiction is dynamite!" says Allan Shackleton, of Monarch Releasing Co. He is referring to his release of *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth*, in the "Spacevision" 3-D process.

A science fiction film in color is always news; learning that *Fantastic Invasion* was also shot in 3-D made me sit up and raise my eyebrows; but learning that the film was made over ten years ago and is only now finding a market, left me in open-mouthed wonder.

Originally titled *The Bubble*, the film was written and directed by Arch Oboler, past master of radio horror drama and creator of the 1952 film *Bwana Devil* which started the 3-D craze of the early fifties. Mr. Shackleton credits Oboler with "having the foresight to make a good science fiction film when the field was dead."

When Oboler began his project, television science fiction had vanished with *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet* and *Captain Video and His Video Rangers*. Hollywood had

dropped science fiction to "B" picture status after the opulent 1956 classic *Forbidden Planet*. The lid remained firmly on until that phenomenon of ten years ago, *Star Trek*, appeared—followed in two years by *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Ten years old before it could find its proper, popular audience, *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth* was finally released this fall. "Fortunately," Mr. Shackleton states, "the medium of film is such that it can wait for its audience. Film will still be there after 10, 30, or 100 years, because *film* does not go away."

Mr. Shackleton assures me that he has not tampered with Oboler's film and presents it just as Arch shot it ten years ago. "All we have done," he continues, "is to make a new trailer and package it properly for a 1976 audience. I have been an avid science fiction fan since 1949 [his favorite authors are Sturgeon and Heinlein] and most of my favorite stories date from the 30's and 40's. That period is Arch Oboler's milieu. His story gives the audience an hour-and-a-half of solid science fiction entertainment." So far, he says, the response to the film has been good.

He has opened the film to a few test markets and been so encouraged by the response that he hopes to produce science fiction films in 3-D himself. Allan Shackleton is a former electronics engineer, self-confessedly "gadget mad" and willing to gamble on the combination of 3-D and science fiction.

Three-dimensional processes for film have been around for a long time, very nearly as long as cinematography itself. But the story of modern 3-D begins in the optical labs of Raphael G. Wolff Studios. It was the spring of 1947 and stereocinematography was almost fifty years old, but no one had as yet made a lasting success of what the public considered to be a novelty for carnivals and trade shows.

One of the first projects to develop at Wolff was Milton Gunzburg's documentary about a boy and his hotrod. Gunzburg was trying to capture on film the excitement and emotional pulse of the hotrod engine with all its gleaming chrome and custom metal-work. It just didn't come across using traditional techniques. An acquaintance told him of the work being done in 3-D; they tried

Kathleen Hughes, who was featured in *It Came From Outer Space*, demonstrates the visual impact of the 3-D process. "It" (below) reveals its true form to the curious and soon-to-be-terrified Richard Carlson.

THRILLS that almost TOUCH YOU!
through the magic of
3-DIMENSION
Amazing sights the human eye has never before seen!
IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
RICHARD CARLSON · BARBARA RUSH
CHARLES DRAKE · RUSSELL JOHNSON · KATHLEEN HUGHES · JOE SAWYER

This lobby card is an example of the artwork displayed at the front of a theater to advertise its current feature. This example tries to convey an impression of the 3-D process in a science fiction film.

some test footage, and it "came across."

After this success, the first modern 3-D film process company was organized—Naturalvision. For some time their test films were shown around Hollywood at various private screenings in back rooms. Nothing happened. The movie moguls squinted through the polaroid glasses, chewed their cigars, and waited.

Finally Arch Oboler heard about a test screening at the American Society of Cinematographers' Club House in Hollywood. He was preparing a film about pushing a railroad through the African jungle. Oboler had been looking for a way to make the audience feel, understand, and experience the conflict of man against jungle. *Bwana Devil* started shooting on June 18, 1952—in the Naturalvision 3-D process.

In the following eighteen months, some *40* films were shot in almost as many different 3-D systems. After the initial box-office success of *Bwana Devil,* studios hurried to convert their productions to what they thought would be the system of the future.

The studios were feeling the crunch of television on the market; 3-D, they hoped, would be the answer. The golden days of film-making might be reborn yet; 3-D would revolutionize the industry just as sound had done after 1926.

In 1953, most Hollywood pictures were shot in 3-D; in 1954, almost no pictures were made in the "dimension of the future."

Why? The reasons are many. Even before the 3-D trend reached its peak, Rudolph Mate, cinematographer for R.K.O.'s 3-D *Second Chance*, said, "Using stereo in trick fashion to show off technical potential, instead of applying the process solely to the telling of the motion picture story to the best advantage, will kill the novelty and public interest in it, within a short time."

Further, there were problems with the technology of the process. The principal terror being out-of-synch projectors. The process at the beginning of the fifties required the left and right eye images to be shown on separate projectors whose shutters were to be electronically linked. The linkage was critical: as little as half a frame out of synch is enough to cause discomfort to the viewer.

Poor synchronisation plagued 3-D as late as 1960. Twentieth Century Fox released *September Storm* in widescreen color and 3-D. It was reported that at one showing in Detroit's Fox Theater the projectors got so far out of synch that the hero, Mark Stevens, appeared to have four arms. Finally one of the projectors was shut down and the rest of the film was shown flat.

Then there is the old polaroid glasses bug-a-boo. Some people found them uncomfortable, others found them difficult to wear over their prescription glasses; and they cut down the screen illumination

level for everybody. Still, it was maintained that if the film-goer was given something exciting to see—other than an assortment of objects hurled at them from the screen—they would put up with the small inconvenience that glasses represent. Certainly such high-quality films as MGM's *Kiss Me Kate* and Warner Brothers' *Hondo* seemed to support the theory. But by the time they were released it was too late.

Something new had arrived to distract audiences from the "silliness" of 3-D. Cinerama arrived in New York in October of 1952 and Cinemascope in 1953 with *The Robe*.

Interestingly enough, neither of these processes were new. Cinemascope was invented in 1927. Cinerama's triple screen system was beaten by Raoul Grimoin Sanson in 1896 with ten projectors linked together in a system called Cineorama.

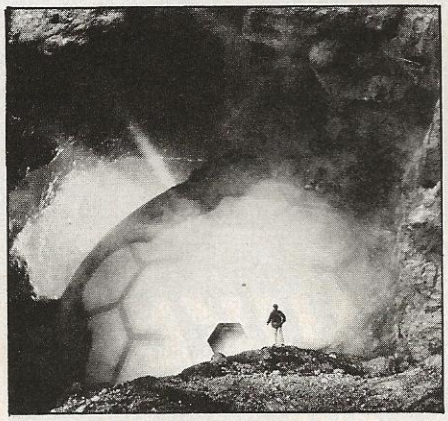
Entrepreneurs of these "new" wide-screen processes had no compunctions about claiming 3-D effects for strictly two dimensional films. Cinemascope was heralded as "the 3-D you see without glasses!" These wild claims were soon abandoned after the public had an opportunity to judge for itself.

Nevertheless, in time the new wide-screen format became the industry standard and 3-D all but vanished.

Universal Studios had made three 3-D science fiction films: *It Came From Outer Space, Creature From the Black Lagoon,* and *Revenge of the Creature*. *It Came From Outer Space* had the distinction of being based on a story by Ray Bradbury of beings from "out there" crash landing on Earth and trying to repair their ship and escape before being slaughtered by xenophobic Earthlings. The dramatic conflict centers on the level-headed astronomer-scientist who tries to protect the "bems" from his fellow men who are bent on stamping out the "monsters."

The two *Creature* films have only a science fiction premise. Their construction is more appropriate to a horror film. The Creature in this case is a "gill-man," a missing link between land and amphibious creatures that is hominid in form. The value here is in the startling underwater 3-D photography. One wonders why Jacques Cousteau doesn't shoot everything in 3-D! Many of the problems with 3-D photography are suddenly assets underwater. The silt of the water illuminated by the curtains of sunlight, stir in ripples before our eyes all the way to infinity. Fish and plants float in perspective before us, moving with the currents that suddenly become visible and dramatic in 3-D. For the first time since Milton Gunzburg's hotrod film we have a film that *needs* 3-D to tell the story.

Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush are interrupted from an evening of star-gazing by the meteoric arrival of alien visitors whose disabled craft crash-lands in the desert.



The force of the impact partially buries the ship at the bottom of its selfmade crater. Astronomer Richard Carlson is first to arrive.

With much courage and no sense he approaches the alien ship in an effort to establish "first contact" and to learn why the aliens are here. Later, in the desert, the mystery deepens as they follow the aliens.

United Artists had only one entry into the science fiction market; it was shot in color as opposed to Universal's three in black and white. *GOG* takes place in a secret subterranean laboratory. It is a story of man versus machine, as enemy agents gain control of a central computer which then turns robots and machinery against the human inhabitants. This film was released at the end of the 3-D fad and may never have been shown in 3-D. Many other films shared a similar fate.

Astor Films released the first sci-fi 3-D film, *Robot Monster*, directed by Phil Tucker. But it borrowed 2-D clips from *One Million BC*, which was made in 1940 to pad out its footage of prehistoric monsters.

Nothing happened in 3-D after 1960 and the *September Storm* debacle, save for Arch Oboler filming *The Bubble* and then finding that he had no market for his project.

In 1974 Carlo Ponti took the plunge with Andy Warhol Productions to remake *Frankenstein*. It was shot in the new Spacevision process that Arch Oboler has used for his unreleased film. It took the commercial success of *Frankenstein* and the current upswing in the sci-fi market to make the *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth* possible.

While *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth* is not a technology-oriented science fiction film like *2001*, and its theme more suitable for a *Twilight Zone* or *Outer Limits* TV episode rather than a feature film, it is nevertheless an interesting story—but the real fun of the show is the use of 3-D. Certainly it is head and shoulders above some of its older brothers of the 50's in terms of acting, story content, and the use of the 3-D process.

Set in the form of a science-fiction mystery, the film begins with three storm-tossed passengers in a light airplane. Lost and desperately searching for a place to land (the female passenger has gone into labor), they arrive in a small town, disturbingly different from any place they've ever seen. The mystery deepens as they explore a world which juxtaposes Gothic ruins, Old West saloons, and city streets. Slowly they discover the true nature of this grotesque "Disneyland" and mystery turns into terror.

The intriguing and precise 3-D effects, while not basic to the story, are always a delight, whether set in the

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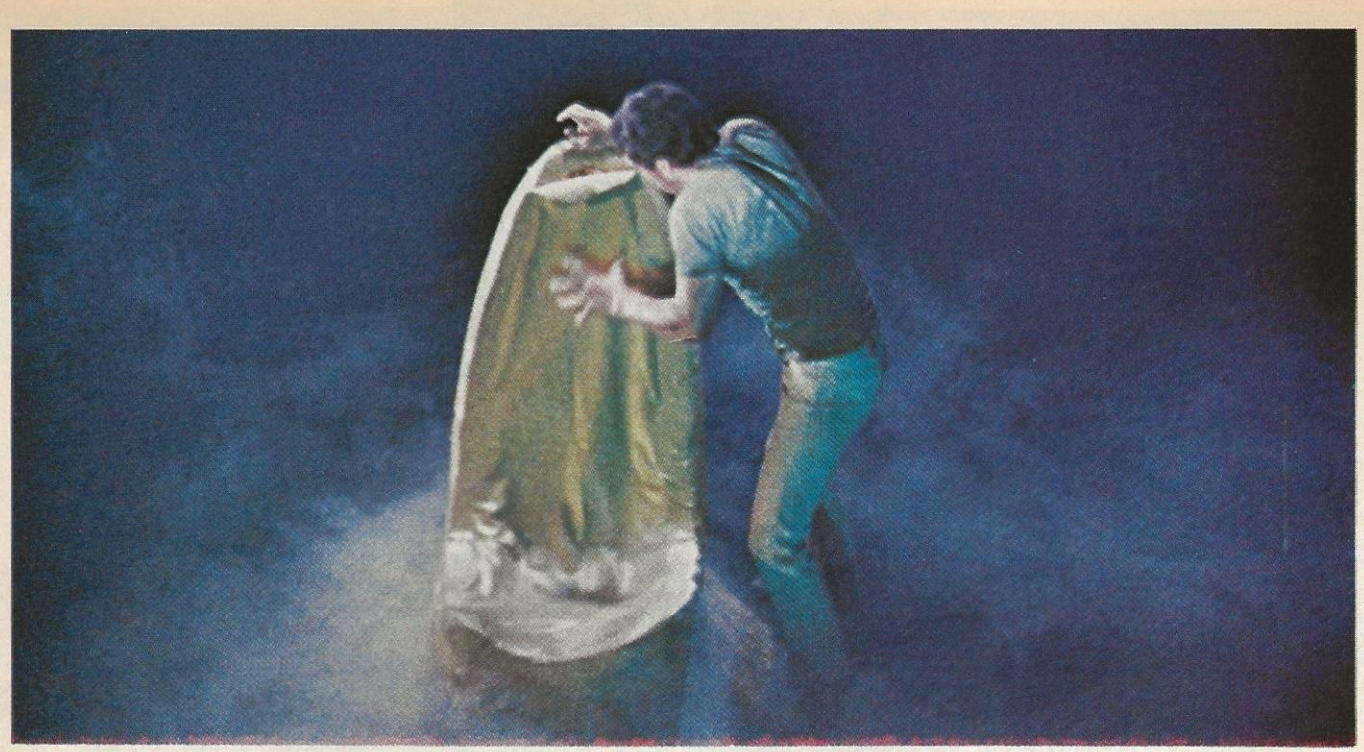

Above: Michael Cole attempts to destroy the mind-conditioning machine used by the aliens to control the populace in *Fantastic Invasion* . . .

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON
Starring
RICHARD CARLSON · JULIA ADAMS
RICHARD DENNING · ANTONIO MORENO · NESTOR PAIVA · WHIT BISSELL
DIRECTED BY JACK ARNOLD · SCREENPLAY BY HARRY ESSEX AND ARTHUR ROSS · PRODUCED BY WILLIAM ALLAND · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Universal International

Left: One of Universal's most popular lobby posters had a celluloid flap saying "3-D", which was used over the poster when a theater ran the film in 3-D.

midst of a mid-afternoon rainstorm or in an underground tunnel. Arch Oboler began the 3-D craze of the 50's with his *Bwana Devil*; perhaps now in 1977 we will see another rebirth of 3-D and SF with the long-delayed release of *Fantastic Invasion*. ★

CONTINUING IN NEXT ISSUE:

- A History of 3-D Photography
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The 3-D movies of the '50s
Filmography

(This list includes no foreign films and only a few of the many short subjects.)

ALLIED ARTISTS

THE MAZE (1953) Richard Carlson. Veronica Hurst, Hillary Brooke, Michael Pate. Director: William Cameron Menzies. 81 min. B&W. Chiller.

DRAGONFLY SQUAD (1954) John Hodiak, Barbara Britton, Bruce Bennett, Jess Barker. Director: Lesley Selander. 82 min. B&W. (Never released in 3-D.) War story.*

ASTOR

CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON (1953) Sonny Tufts, Betty Arlen, Victor Jory, Ellye Marshall, Marie Windsor. Director: Arthur Hilton.

ROBOT MONSTER Phil Tucker, Director. Al Zimbalist, Producer. (First 3-D Science Fiction movie.)

COLUMBIA

DRUMS OF TAHITI (1954) Dennis O'Keefe, Patricia Medina, Francis L. Sullivan, George Keymas. Director: William Castle. 73 min. Color. Costume drama.

FORT TI (1953) George Montgomery, Donna Reed, Joan Vohs, Irving Bacon, James Seay. Director: William Castle. 73 min. Color. Western.

GUN FURY (1953) Rock Hudson, Phil Carey, Lee Marvin, Neville Brand. Director: Raoul Walsh. 83 min. Color. Western.

JESSE JAMES VERSUS THE DALTONS (1954) Brett King, Barbara Lawrence, James Griffith, Bill Phipps, John Cliff. Director: William Castle. 65 min. Color. Western.

MAD MAGICIAN (1954) Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, Eva Gabor, Patrick O'Neal, John Emery. Director: John Brahm. 72 min. Color. Fantasy.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON (1953) Rita Hayworth, Jose Ferrer, Aldo Ray, Russell Collins, Charles Bronson. Director: Curtis Bernhardt. 91 min. Color. Drama (Never released in 3-D.)*

MAN IN THE DARK (1953) Edmund O'Brien, Audrey Totter, Horace McMahon, Ted de Corsica. Director: Lew Landers. 70 min. Tinted Sepia. Murder mystery. (Famous for the quantity of objects thrown at the audience and the roller-coaster sequence at end.)

NEBRASKAN (1953) Phil Carey, Roberta Haynes, Wallace Ford, Richard Webb, Lee Van Cleef, Jay Silverheels. Director: Fred. F. Sears. 68 min. Color. Western.

M.G.M.

ARENA (1953) Gig Young, Jean Hagen, Polly Bergen, Henry Morgan, Robert Horton. Director: Richard Fleischer. 83 min. Color. Rodeo drama.

KISS ME KATE (1953) Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, Bobby Van, Keenan Wynn. Director: George Sidney. 109 min. Color. Musical. (One of the best.)

PARAMOUNT

CEASE FIRE (1953) Roy Thompson, Henry Gowzkouski, Richard K. Elliott. 75 min. B&W. Combat drama.

FLIGHT TO TANGIER (1953) Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance, Corinne Calvert, Robert Douglas. Director: Charles Marquis Warren. 90 min. Color. Action-Drama.

MONEY FROM HOME(1953) Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Pat Crowley, Robert Strauss, Jack Kruschen. Director: George Marshall. 100 min. Color. Comedy.

SANGAREE (1953) Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl, Patricia Medina, Francis L. Sullivan. Director: Edward Ludwig. 94 min. Color. Historical romance.

* Most films made in 1953 were shot in the two-camera 3-D process. As the fad died out many were shown in 3-D only in major cities. Others were never shown in 3-D at all.

Courtesy United Artists

GOG

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE (1953) Rhonda Fleming, Gene Barry, Agnes Moorehead, Teresa Brewer, Guy Mitchell. Director: Lewis R. Foster. 90 min. Color. Musical.

R.K.O.

DANGEROUS MISSION (1954) Victor Mature, Piper Laurie, Vincent Price, William Bendix, Betta St. John. Director: Louis King. 75 min. Color. Crime drama.

DEVIL'S CANYON (1953) Virginia Mayo, Dale Robertson, Stephen McNally, Arthur Hunnicutt. Director: Alfred L. Werker. 92 min. Color. Prison drama.

FRENCH LINE (1954) Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, Arthur Hunnicutt, Mary McCarthy. Director:Lloyd Bacon. 102 min. Color. Musical.

LOUISIANA TERRITORY Val Winter, Leo Zinser, Julian Meister, 65 min. Color (not released in 3-D). Mardi Gras romance.*

RANGERS OF THE NORTH (No other information available.)

SECOND CHANCE(1953) Robert Mitchum, Linda Darnell, Jack Palance, Reginald Sheffield. Director: Rudolph Mate. 82 min. Color. Drama. (Exciting cable-car sequence.)

Creature From The Black Lagoon

SON OF SINBAD (1954) Dale Robertson, Sally Forest, Lili St. Cyr, Vincent Price, Jay Novello. Director: Ted Tetalaff. 88 min. Color. (not released in 3-D). Adventure.*

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX

GORILLA AT LARGE (1954) Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr. Director: Harmon Jones. 84 min. Color. Murder mystery.

INFERNO (1953) Robert Ryan, Rhonda Fleming, William Lundigan, Henry Hull, Carl Betz. Director: Roy Baker. 83 min. Color. Drama.

SEPTEMBER STORM (1960) Joanne Dru, Mark Stevens, Robert Strauss, Asher Dann, Jean-Pierre Kerien, Vera Valmont. Director: Byron Haskin. 99 min. Color. Drama.

UNITED ARTISTS

BWANA DEVIL (1952) Robert Stack, Barbara Britton, Nigel Bruce, Ramsey Hill. Director: Arch Oboler. 79 min. Color. Adventure.

GOG (1954) Richard Egan, Constance Dowling, Herbert Marshall, John Wengraf. Director: Herbert L. Strock. 85 min. Color. Science Fiction.

HANNAH LEE (1954) Macdonald Carey, Joanne Dru, John Ireland. 74 min. Color. (not released in 3-D). Western.*

I, THE JURY (1953) Biff Elliott, Preston Foster, Peggie Castle, Elisha Cook, Jr., John Qualen. Director: Harry Essex. 87 min. B&W. (Mickey Spillane murder mystery.)

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE (1954) Joanne Dru, Rod Cameron, John Ireland, John Dehner, Guinn Williams, Mark Hanna. Director: Ray Nazzaro. 82 min. Color. Western.

UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954) Richard Carlson, Julia Adams, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno. Director: Jack Arnold. Cinematographers: William E. Snyder, James E. Havens. 79 min. B&W. Science Fiction. (First-rate under-water 3-D photography.)

GLASS WEB (1953) Edward G. Robinson, John Forsythe, Marcia Henderson, Richard Denning. Director: Jack Arnold. 81 min. B&W. Murder mystery.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (1953) Richard Carlson, Barbara Rush, Charles Drake, Kathleen Hughes. Director: Jack Arnold. Script: Harry Essex (from a story by Ray Bradbury). Cinematography: Clifford Stine. 81 min. B&W. Science Fiction.

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE (1955) John Agar, Lori Nelson, John Bromfield, Nestor Paiva. Director: Jack Arnold. 82 min. B&W. Science Fiction.

TAZA, SON OF COCHISE (1954) Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush, Bart Roberts, Gregg Palmer. Director: Douglas Morris. 79 min. Color. Western.

WINGS OF THE HAWK (1955) Van Heflin, Julia Adams, Abbe Lane, Antonio Moreno, Noah Beery. Director: Budd Doetticher. 80 min. Color. Adventure drama.

WARNER BROTHERS

CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER (1953) Guy Madison, Vera Miles, Frank Lovejoy, Helen Westcott, Ron Hagerthy. Director: Gordon Douglas. 96 min. Color. Western. (Another movie famous for the sheer quantity of arrows, rocks, and debris hurled out. Frank Lovejoy even spits into the audience!)

HONDO (1953) John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond, James Arness, Lee Aaker. Director: John Farrow. 84 min. Color. Western.

BOUNTY HUNTER (1954) Randolph Scott, Delores Dorn, Marie Windsor, Howard Petrie. Director: Andre de Toth. 79 min. Color. Western.

DIAL M FOR MURDER (1954) Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, John Williams, Anthony Dawson. Director: Alfred Hitchcock. 105 min. Color. Suspense. (Never released in 3-D.)*

HOUSE OF WAX (1953) Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy, Phyllis Kirk, Carolyn Jones, Phillip Tonge, Paul Cavenagh. Director: Andre de Toth. 88 min. Color. Chiller.

MOONLIGHTER (1953) Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, Ward Bond, William Ching, John Dierkes, Jack Elam. Director: Roy Rowland. 75 min. B&W. Western.

PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE (1954) Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, Steve Forrest, Merv Griffin, Erin O'Brien-Moore. Director: Roy Del Ruth. 84 min. Color. Chiller.

INDEPENDENT FEATURES & SHORT SUBJECTS

APE (1976) Rod Arrants, Joanna DeVarona, Alex Nicol. Director: Paul Leder. 75 min. Color. Fantasy-Adventure.

SAM SPACE Volcano Productions.

MELODY Walt Disney animated cartoon.

FRANKENSTEIN Andy Warhol; Monarch Releasing (1974).

HYPNOTIC HICK Walter Lantz; first 3-D cartoon, Woody Woodpecker.

TELL-TALE HEART U.P.A. cartoon, Columbia.

LUMBER JACK RABBIT Warner's Bugs Bunny entree.

BOO MOON Paramount's Casper cartoon.

MOTOR RHYTHM R.K.O. Musical short.

SPOOKS Columbia, Three Stooges.

PARDON MY BACKFIRE Columbia, Three Stooges.

(Continued from page 15)

ly United States aircraft. At the time the *Star Trek* pilot episode was being done, Matt and Gene decided to use the "'N" because of the United States, and then they thought it needed more than one "C". A pair of "C's" were used primarily because this reads well from a distance.

Bruce Bartlett
Sarasota, Fla.

We'd like to thank you, Bruce and all the other trekkers who pointed this out ot us. The Naval Construction Contract explanation, however, was not pulled out of the air. That is the explanation given by Franz Joseph in the Star Trek Blueprints, *copyrighted 1973 by Paramount Pictures.*

GROKKING THE ESSENCE

. . . This magazine will make an excellent platform for organizing a strong voice in the science fiction community. We want science fiction portrayed on the screen but we are no longer desperate. Unfortunately, many narrow-visioned filmmakers are equating the essence (of SF dramas) with their special effects budgets instead of *grokking* the essence fully. There are many examples in the *Star Trek* story about an ideal solution that retained the essence and turned out to be inexpensive. If we do not take action we will experience a flood of empty science fiction. . . The market is ours: We are responsible for its existence. I've been dabbling with the idea of an organization. It's strength would be it's lack of allegiance to one person or story, and it's sole purpose would be as a voice for science fiction. It's logical masthead—GROK (Getting Restless Of Krap).

Ja Gaudet
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Good and true thoughts. We, the people, have tremendous influence on the products offered to us (yes, movies are products). Instead of GROK, return to your original idea and let STARLOG be the "organization" we need. . . The voice speaking loudly for quality in the science fiction field. We have no intention of compromising our insistence on strong drama, intelligent themes, and creative visions in SF productions.

PAST ERRORS

. . . I just received my issue of STARLOG #3 and, as usual, I enjoyed the articles very much. I did, however, find a mistake on your puzzle page. Number 50 down asks for the author of *Things to Come*, and the puzzle answer lists Jules Verne. I believe that the correct answer is H.G. Wells. Also, I'd like to mention a made-for-TV movie that was not on your list: *Hauser's Memory*, a 1970 TV movie starring David McCallum, Susan Strasberg, Robert Webber, Leslie Nielson and Lilli Palmer. It was about a scientist who injects himself with the brain fluid of another man in order to re-live that man's experiences.

Patricia Gallagher
New York, NY

Actually, number 50 down asks for the author of #6 across, First Men in the Moon. *This is the 1964 British film based on H.G. Wells' novel, "First Men On The Moon." Our puzzle-maker was obviously thinking of Jules Verne's novel "From the Earth to the Moon."*

. . . I think your magazine is great but I do have one complaint about issue #2. Nick Tate is my favorite cast member and you called his character *Lieutenant* Alan Carter, when during the first season it was *Captain*. Can you explain this?

Lee M. Mallison
Battle Creek, Mich.

During the first season Carter was a Lieutenant. By the time the second season started, Alan had been promoted.

. . . On page 35 of STARLOG #2 you have Martin Landau breaking through a pane of plastic. The caption states that it is from "The Mark of Archanon", but it couldn't be because Koenig and Maya were in an Eagle during the whole episode except the tail end.

Brad Larsen
Gaston, OR

Brad was not the only sharp-eyed Space *fan who pointed out this mistake. Due to misinformation, we labeled that picture of Martin Landau as having been from "Archenon." Actually, it is not from any episode at all. It is an action still taken at a special photo session for press release.*

Because of the large volume of mail we receive, personal replies are impossible. Comments, questions, and suggestions of general interest are appreciated and may be selected for publication in future Communications. Write:

STARLOG Communications
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New York, N.Y. 10016

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"The establishment of such space colonies is possible and even practical in terms of present-day technology."—ISAAC ASIMOV

THE HIGH FRONTIER

Human Colonies in Space

Gerard K. O'Neill

By the year 2150 more people may be living in space than on earth—

The Princeton University physicist who devised the idea discusses all aspects of space colonization: who will work in space and how they will get there; possibilities for family life and earthlike living conditions; how gravity, agriculture, climate and the length of days will be selected by the space community residents; and how orbital manufacturing facilities can be built from materials with solar energy.

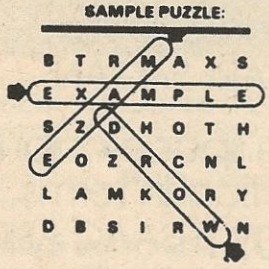
Photographs
$8.95

WILLIAM MORROW
105 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

WILL THE REAL KONG STAND UP?

The brand new Dino De Laurentiis version of *King Kong* has gone all out to match the original in spectacle . . . and at tremendous cost overruns. Instead of the stop-motion animation that Willis O'Brien used so successfully in the original, the Paramount Kong is a full sized, working model. Can the "original" stand up to this modern usurper?

SAMPLE PUZZLE:



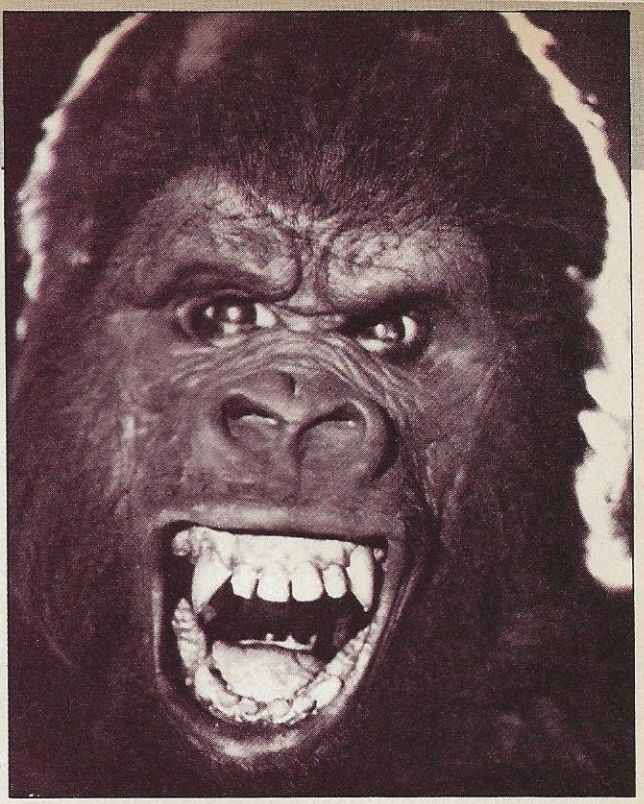
ALL CAPITALIZED words in the list below can be found in the maze, and once you've circled all the hidden words . . . the remaining letters of the maze (reading left to right and top to bottom) will spell out a mystery phrase (answer below). Note: the words ANN and DARROW are not hidden together.

A	R	M	S	T	R	O	N	G	T	O	B	O	R	L
L	S	R	U	A	S	O	N	I	D	R	S	R	E	A
P	O	D	A	R	R	O	W	K	E	T	A	G	N	N
T	M	V	V	F	K	H	C	S	E	G	E	D	I	G
E	L	O	E	G	A	R	L	J	D	N	S	O	E	E
R	L	N	N	R	N	L	G	E	D	D	F	A	T	T
O	U	I	M	S	O	W	L	I	R	A	F	L	S	A
D	K	D	L	R	T	G	O	I	E	U	L	L	S	T
A	S	O	N	R	O	E	B	W	Z	P	C	I	E	S
C	W	R	E	L	T	W	R	W	F	D	O	R	P	E
T	U	G	D	T	O	A	I	F	A	A	O	O	A	R
Y	L	M	R	N	Y	L	E	R	N	T	P	G	C	I
L	A	A	D	N	D	J	N	N	G	E	E	E	S	P
N	I	E	T	N	E	G	R	A	S	D	R	E	E	M
N	R	O	B	E	R	E	T	U	P	M	O	C	F	E

ANN DARROW
APE
Rob't. ARMSTRONG
Huge BIRDS
Run by COMPUTER
Merian C. COOPER (co-author)
High COST
DINO de Laurentiis (producer)
DINOSAURS
EDGAR Wallace (co-author)
EMPIRE STATE
"King Kong ESCAPES"
FALL
FANGS
FAY WRAY
45 FEET high (robot)
People FLEE
Great GATE
"King Kong vs. GODZILLA"
Bo GOLDMAN (script)
GORE
GORILLA
Chas. GRODIN (male lead)
HARM
JEFF Bridges (co-star)
JETS
KING KONG
LAIR
Jennifer LANGE (heroine)
"LEGEND of King Kong" (proposed film)
Famous LOG scene
LOVE
MONSTER
Willis O'BRIEN (special effects)
PTERODACTYL
RAGE
"King Kong: The Legend REBORN" (proposed film)
ROBOT
ROLLS eyes
Joseph SARGENT (director)
SKULL Island
"SON of Kong"
Max STEINER (music)
SUAVE (Denham)
World TRADE Center
Wrecks TRAIN
TWO million dollars (cost of robot)
UPDATED
WILD
"Eighth WONDER of the World"
Giant WORM

STARTEASERS ANSWER

KONG WILL RETURN



King Kong's classic duet: BEAUTY . . . and the BEAST. (Paramount's new version)

Jessica Lange, as Dawn, discovers she has nothing to fear from the monstrous gorilla, but their relationship ends (below) in spectacular tragedy.

BORIS

"The science fiction writer," said Fredric Brown in 1951, "has the privilege denied to writers in all other fields, except sheer fantasy, to tailor his background, his universe, to the story he wants to write; he can, thereby, achieve an integration and an integrity denied to the writer who has only one universe to work in and who must twist and trim the products of his imagination to fit the inflexible mold of fact. A horrid word, *fact*, when it denies you the future and the stars."

Of the 28 novels and several hundred short stories Brown left us when he died in 1972, none creates an alien world more thoroughly than does "Arena"—in which the only image of normalcy is the figure of a naked man. All else is alien, beautiful, and frightening.

The story first appeared in "Astounding Science Fiction Magazine" in 1944. You know the basic idea from the *Star Trek* episode with the same name: a superior being pits representatives of two militarily equal adversaries against one another in hand-to-hand battle; the winner's race will survive, the loser's will be annihilated. The *Outer Limits* "Fun and Games" story was also based on "Arena."

But if you think you'll find no surprises in the original Brown version, you're mistaken. Here you'll meet a different kind of monster in a different setting, and a different kind of superior being with motives not quite what they first seem to be.

Take note of the changes made in order to translate the story into the format of *Star Trek*, with Captain Kirk in the role of Carson. Notice that the theme is slightly altered by the change in the protagonist's motives and actions at the climax. Consider the whopper of a special effects problem *Star Trek* would have had if they had used Brown's original monster instead of their Gorn. And notice where the idea for the Gorn came from.

If such technical concerns are of little interest, just read this classic short story and let yourself be pulled into a totally imaginary world in which a larger-than-life conflict is faced by a realistic hero, in which the fate of the galaxy hangs on that one individual's ingenuity. . .

ARENA

By Fredric Brown

Carson opened his eyes, and found himself looking upward into a flickering blue dimness.

It was hot, and he was lying on sand, and a sharp rock embedded in the sand was hurting his back. He rolled over to his side, off the rock, and then pushed himself up to a sitting position.

"I'm crazy," he thought. "Crazy—or dead—or something." The sand was blue, bright blue. And there wasn't any such thing as bright blue sand on Earth or any of the planets.

Blue sand.

Blue sand under a blue dome that wasn't the sky nor yet a room, but a circumscribed area—somehow he knew it was circumscribed and finite even though he couldn't see to the top of it.

He picked up some of the sand in his hand and let it run through his fingers. It trickled down onto his bare leg. *Bare?*

Naked. He was stark naked, and already his body was dripping perspiration from the enervating heat, coated blue with sand wherever sand had touched it.

But elsewhere his body was white.

He thought: Then this sand is really blue. If it seemed blue only because of the blue light, then I'd be blue also. But I'm white, so the sand *is* blue. *Blue sand.* There isn't any blue sand. There isn't any place like this place I'm in.

Sweat was running down in his eyes.

It was hot, hotter than hell. Only hell—the hell of the ancients—was supposed to be red and not blue.

But if this place wasn't hell, what was it? Only Mercury, among the planets, had heat like this and this wasn't Mercury. And Mercury was some four billion miles from—

It came back to him then, where he'd been. In the little one-man scouter, outside the orbit of Pluto, scouting a scant million miles to one side of the Earth Armada drawn up in battle array there to intercept the Outsiders.

That sudden strident nerve-shattering ringing of the alarm bell when the rival scouter—the Outsider ship—had come within range of his detectors—

No one knew who the Outsiders were, what they looked like, from what far galaxy they came, other than that it was in the general direction of the Pleiades.

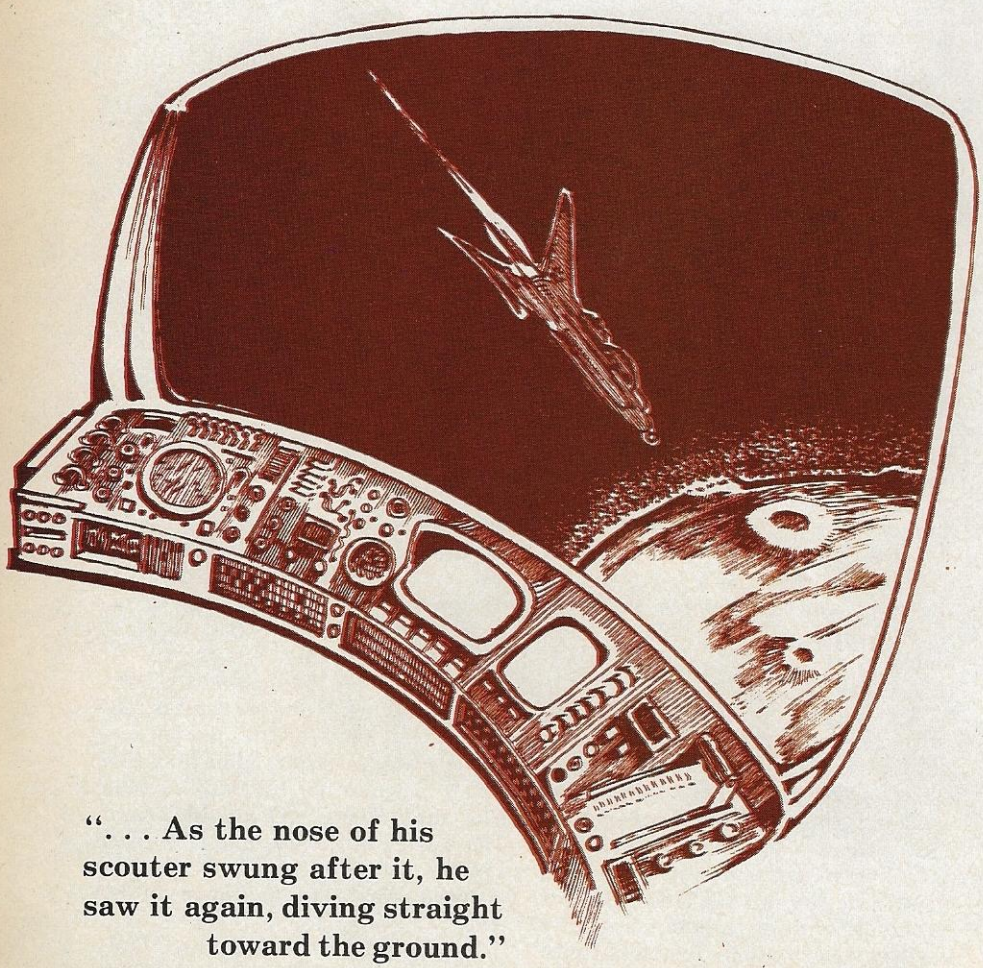
First, sporadic raids on Earth colonies and outposts. Isolated battles between Earth patrols and small groups of Outsider spaceships; battles sometimes won and sometimes lost, but never to date resulting in the capture of an alien vessel. Nor had any member of a raided colony ever survived to describe the Outsiders who had left the ships, if indeed they had left them.

Not a too-serious menace, at first, for the raids had not been too numerous or destructive. And individually, the ships had proved slightly inferior in armament to the best of Earth's fighters, although somewhat superior in speed and maneuverability. A sufficient edge in speed, in fact, to give the Outsiders their choice of running or fighting, unless surrounded.

Nevertheless, Earth had prepared for serious trouble, for a showdown, building the mightiest armada of all time. It had been waiting now, that armada, for a long time. But now the showdown was coming.

Scouts twenty billion miles out had detected the approach of a mighty fleet—a showdown fleet—of the Outsiders. Those scouts had never come back, but their radiotronic messages had. And now Earth's armada, all ten thousand ships and half-million fighting spacemen, was out there, outside Pluto's orbit, waiting to intercept and battle to the death.

And an even battle it was going to be, judging by the advance reports of the men of the far picket line who had given their lives to report—before they had died—on the size and strength of the alien fleet.



". . . As the nose of his scouter swung after it, he saw it again, diving straight toward the ground."

Pen and ink drawings: RENE

Anybody's battle, with the mastery of the solar system hanging in the balance, on an even chance. A last and *only* chance, for Earth and all her colonies lay at the utter mercy of the Outsiders if they ran that gauntlet—

Oh yes. Bob Carson remembered now.

Not that it explained blue sand and flickering blueness. But that strident alarming of the bell and his leap for the control panel. His frenzied fumbling as he strapped himself into the seat. The dot in the visiplate that grew larger.

The dryness of his mouth. The awful knowledge that this was *it*. For him, at least, although the main fleets were still out of range of one another.

Three seconds—that's how long a space-battle lasted. Time enough to count to three, slowly, and then you'd won or you were dead. One hit completely took care of a lightly armed and armored little one-man craft like a scouter.

Frantically—as, unconsciously, his dry lips shaped the word "One"—he worked at the controls to keep that growing dot centered on the crossed spiderwebs of the visiplate. His hands doing that, while his right foot hovered over the pedal that would fire the bolt. The single bolt of concentrated hell that had to hit—or else. There wouldn't be time for any second shot.

"Two." He didn't know he'd said that, either. The dot in the visiplate wasn't a dot now. Only a few thousand miles away, it showed up in the magnification of the plate as though it were only a few hundred yards off. It was a sleek, fast little scouter, about the size of his.

And an alien ship, all right.

"Thr—" His foot touched the bolt-release pedal—

And then the Outsider had swerved suddenly and was off the crosshairs. Carson punched keys frantically, to follow.

For a tenth of a second, it was out of the visiplate entirely, and then as the nose of his scouter swung after it, he saw it again, diving straight toward the ground.

The ground?

It was an optical illusion of some sort. It *had* to be, that planet—or whatever it was—that now covered the visiplate. Whatever it was, it couldn't be there. Couldn't possibly. There *wasn't* any planet nearer than Neptune three billion miles away—with Pluto around on the opposite side of the distant pinpoint sun.

His *detectors! They* hadn't shown any object of planetary dimensions,

even of asteroid dimensions. They still didn't.

So it couldn't be there, that whatever-it-was he was driving into, only a few hundred miles below him.

And in his sudden anxiety to keep from crashing, he forgot even the Outsider ship. He fired the front braking rockets, and even as the sudden change of speed slammed him forward against the seat straps, he fired full right for an emergency turn. Pushed them down and *held* them down, knowing that he needed everything the ship had to keep from crashing and that a turn that sudden would black him out for a moment.

It did black him out.

And that was all. Now he was sitting in hot blue sand, stark naked but otherwise unhurt. No sign of his spacecraft and—for that matter—no sign of *space*. That curve overhead wasn't a sky, whatever else it was.

He scrambled to his feet.

Gravity seemed a little more than Earth-normal. Not much more.

Flat sand stretching away, a few scrawny bushes in clumps here and there. The bushes were blue, too, but in varying shades, some lighter than the blue of the sand, some darker.

Out from under the nearest bush ran a little thing that was like a lizard, except that it had more than four legs. It was blue, too. Bright blue. It saw him and ran back again under the bush.

He looked up again, trying to decide what was overhead. It wasn't exactly a roof, but it was dome-shaped. It flickered and was hard to look at. But definitely, it curved down to the ground, to the blue sand, all around him.

He wasn't far from being under the center of the dome. At a guess, it was a hundred yards to the nearest wall, if it was a wall. It was as though a blue hemisphere of *something*, about two hundred and fifty yards in circumference, was inverted over the flat expanse of the sand.

And everything blue, except one object. Over near a far curving wall there was a red object. Roughly spherical, it seemed to be about a yard in diameter. Too far for him to see clearly through the flickering blueness. But, unaccountably, he shuddered.

He wiped sweat from his forehead, or tried to, with the back of his hand.

Was this a dream, a nightmare? This heat, this sand, that vague feeling of horror he felt when he looked toward that red thing?

A dream? No, one didn't go to sleep and dream in the midst of a battle in space.

Death? No, never. If there were immortality, it wouldn't be a senseless thing like this, a thing of blue heat and blue sand and a red horror.

Then he heard the voice—

Inside his head he heard it, not with his ears. It came from nowhere or everywhere.

"Through spaces and dimensions wandering," rang the words in his mind, *"and in this space and this time I find two peoples about to wage a war that would exterminate one and so weaken the other that it would retrogress and never fulfill its destiny, but decay and return to mindless dust whence it came. And I say this must not happen."*

"Who. . . what are you?" Carson didn't say it aloud, but the question formed itself in his brain.

"You would not understand completely. I am—" There was a pause, as though the voice sought—in Carson's brain—for a word that wasn't there, a word he didn't know. *"I am the end of evolution of a race so old the time can not be expressed in words that have meaning to your mind. A race fused into a single entity, eternal—*

"An entity such as your primitive race might become"— again the groping for a word—*"time from now. So might the race you call, in your mind, the Outsiders. So I intervene in the battle to come, the battle between fleets so evenly matched that destruction of both races will result. One must survive. One must progress and evolve."*

"One?" thought Carson. "Mine, or—"

"It is in my power to stop the war, to send the Outsiders back to their galaxy. But they would return, or your race would sooner or later follow them there. Only by remaining in this space and time to intervene constantly could I prevent them from destroying one another, and I cannot remain.

"So I shall intervene. I shall destroy one fleet completely without loss to the other. One civilization shall thus survive."

Nightmare. This had to be a nightmare, Carson thought. But he knew it wasn't.

It was too mad, too impossible, to be anything but real.

He didn't dare ask *the* question—*which?* But his thoughts asked it for him.

"The stronger shall survive," said the voice. *"That I can not—and would not—change. I merely intervene to make it a complete victory, not"*—groping again—*"not Pyrrhic victory to a broken race."*

"From the outskirts of the not-yet battle I plucked two individuals, you and an Outsider. I see from your mind that in your early history of nationalisms battles between champions, to decide issues between races, were not unknown.

"You and your opponent are here pitted against one another, naked and unarmed, under conditions equally unfamiliar to you both, equally unpleasant to you both. There is no time limit, for here there is no time. The survivor is the champion of his race. That race survives."

"But—" Carson's protest was too inarticulate for expression, but the voice answered it.

"It is fair. The conditions are such that the accident of physical strength will not completely decide the issue. There is a barrier. You will understand. Brain-power and courage will be more important than strength. Most especially courage, which is the will to survive."

"But while this goes on, the fleets will—"

"No, you are in another space, another time. For as long as you are here, time stands still in the universe you know. I see you wonder whether this place is real. It is, and it is not. As I—to your limited understanding—am and am not real. My existence is mental and not physical. You saw me as a planet; it could have been as a dustmote or a sun.

"But to you this place is now real. What you suffer here will be real. And if you die here, your death will be real. If you die, your failure will be the end of your race. That is enough for you to know."

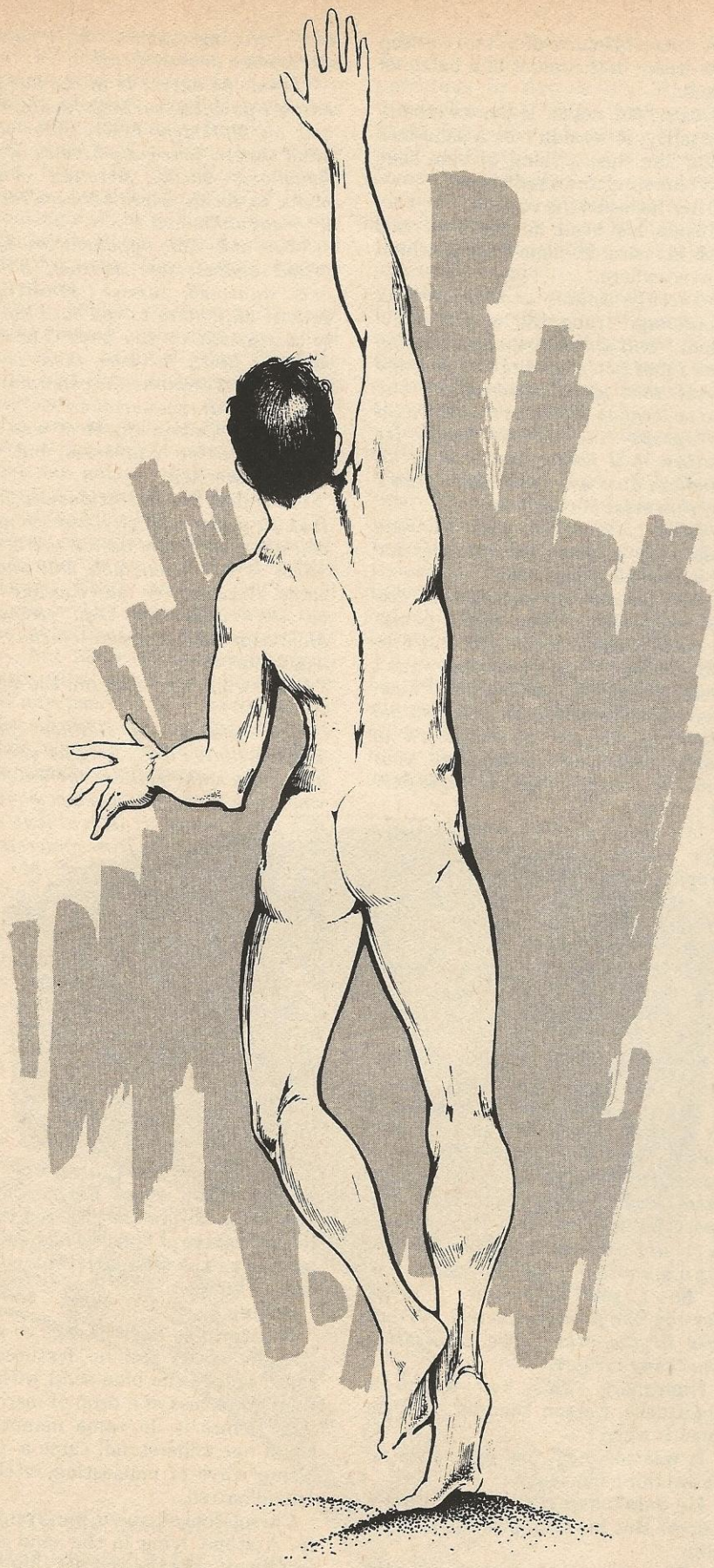
And then the voice was gone.

Again he was alone, but not alone. For as Carson looked up, he saw that the red thing, the red sphere of horror which he now knew was the Outsider, was rolling toward him.

Rolling.

It seemed to have no legs or arms that he could see, no features. It rolled across the blue sand with the fluid quickness of a drop of mercury. And before it, in some manner he could not understand, came a paralyzing wave of nauseating, retching, horrid hatred.

Carson looked about him frantically. A stone, lying in the sand a few feet away, was the nearest thing to a weapon. It wasn't large, but it had sharp edges, like a slab of flint. It looked a bit like blue flint.



"He stood on tiptoe and reached as high as he could and the barrier was still there."

He picked it up, and crouched to receive the attack. It was coming fast, faster than he could run.

No time to think out how he was going to fight it, and how anyway could he plan to battle a creature whose strength, whose characteristics, whose method of fighting he did not know? Rolling so fast, it looked more than ever like a perfect sphere.

Ten yards away. Five. And then it stopped.

Rather, it *was stopped.* Abruptly the near side of it flattened as though it had run up against an invisible wall. It bounced, actually bounced back.

Then it rolled forward again, but more slowly, more cautiously. It stopped again, at the same place. It tried again, a few yards to one side.

There was a barrier there of some sort. It clicked, then, in Carson's mind. That thought projected into his mind by the Entity who had brought them here: "—accident of physical strength will not completely decide the issue. There is a barrier."

A force-field, of course. Not the Netzian Field, known to Earth science, for that glowed and emitted a crackling sound. This one was invisible, silent.

It was a wall that ran from side to side of the inverted hemisphere; Carson didn't have to verify that himself. The Roller was doing that; rolling sideways along the barrier, seeking a break in it that wasn't there.

Carson took half a dozen steps forward, his left hand groping out before him, and then his hand touched the barrier. It felt smooth, yielding, like a sheet of rubber rather than like glass. Warm to his touch, but no warmer than the sand underfoot. And it was completely invisible, even at close range.

He dropped the stone and put both hands against it, pushing. It seemed to yield, just a trifle. But no farther than that trifle, even when he pushed with all his weight. It felt like a sheet of rubber backed up by steel. Limited resiliency, and then firm strength.

He stood on tiptoe and reached as high as he could and the barrier was still there.

He saw the Roller coming back, having reached one side of the arena. That feeling of nausea hit Carson again, and he stepped back from the barrier as it went by. It didn't stop.

But did the barrier stop at ground level? Carson knelt down and burrowed in the sand. It was soft, light easy to dig in. At two feet down the barrier was still there.

The Roller was coming back again. Obviously, it couldn't find a way

through at either side.

There must be a way through, Carson thought. *Some* way we can get at each other, else this duel is meaningless.

But no hurry now, in finding that out. There was something to try first. The Roller was back now, and it stopped just across the barrier, only six feet away. It seemed to be studying him, although for the life of him, Carson couldn't find external evidence of sense organs on the thing. Nothing that looked like eyes or ears, or even a mouth. There was though, he now saw, a series of grooves—perhaps a dozen of them altogether, and he saw two tentacles suddenly push out from two of the grooves and dip into the sand as though testing its consistency. Tentacles about an inch in diameter and perhaps a foot and a half long.

But the tentacles were retractable into the grooves and were kept there except when not in use. They were retracted when the thing rolled and seemed to have nothing to do with its method of locomotion. That, as far as Carson could judge, seemed to be accomplished by some shifting—just *how* he couldn't even imagine—of its center of gravity.

He shuddered as he looked at the thing. It was alien, utterly alien, horribly different from anything on Earth or any of the life forms found on the other solar planets. Instinctively, somehow, he knew its mind was as alien as its body.

But he had to try. If it had no telepathic powers at all, the attempt was foredoomed to failure, yet he thought it had such powers. There had, at any rate, been a projection of something that was not physical at the time a few minutes ago when it had first started for him. An almost tangible wave of hatred.

If it could project that, perhaps it could read his mind as well, sufficiently for his purpose.

Deliberately, Carson picked up the rock that had been his only weapon, then tossed it down again in a gesture of relinquishment and raised his empty hands, palms up, before him.

He spoke aloud, knowing that although the words would be meaningless to the creature before him, speaking them would focus his own thoughts more completely upon the message.

"Can we not have peace between us?" he said, his voice sounding strange in the utter stillness. "The Entity who brought us here has told us what must happen if our races fight—extinction of one and weakening and retrogression of the other. The battle between them, said the Entity, depends upon what we do here. Why can not we agree to an eternal peace—your race to its galaxy, we to ours?"

Carson blanked out his mind to receive a reply.

It came, and it staggered him back, physically. He actually recoiled several steps in sheer horror at the depth and intensity of the hatred and lust-to-kill of the red images that had been projected at him. Not as articulate words—as had come to him the thoughts of the Entity—but as wave upon wave of fierce emotion.

For a moment that seemed an eternity he had to struggle against the mental impact of that hatred, fight to clear his mind of it and drive out the alien thoughts to which he had given admittance by blanking his own thoughts. He wanted to retch.

Slowly his mind cleared as, slowly, the mind of a man wakening from nightmare clears away the fear-fabric of which the dream was woven. He was breathing hard and felt weaker, but he could think.

He stood studying the Roller. It had been motionless during the mental duel it had so nearly won. Now it rolled a few feet to one side, to the nearest of the blue bushes. Three tentacles whipped out of their grooves and began to investigate the bush.

"O.K.," Carson said, "so it's war then." He managed a wry grin. "If I got your answer straight, peace doesn't appeal to you." And, because he was, after all, a quite young man and couldn't resist the impulse to be dramatic, he added. "To the death!"

But his voice, in that utter silence, sounded very silly, even to himself. It came to him, then, that this *was* to the death. Not only his own death or that of the red spherical thing which he now thought of as the Roller, but death to the entire race of one or the other of them. The end of the human race, if he failed.

It made him suddenly very humble and very afraid to think that. More than to think it, to *know* it. Somehow, with a knowledge that was above even faith, he knew that the Entity who had arranged [illegible] had told the truth about [illegible]tentions and its powers. It was not [illegible]ding.

The future of humanity depended upon *him*. It was an awful thing to realize, and he wrenched his mind away from it. He had to concentrate on the situation at hand.

There had to be some way of getting through the barrier, or of killing through the barrier.

Mentally? He hoped that wasn't all, for the Roller obviously had stronger telepathic powers than the primitive, undeveloped ones of the human race. Or did it?

He had been able to drive the thoughts of the Roller out of his own mind; could it drive out his? If its ability to project were stronger, might not its receptivity mechanism be more vulnerable?

He stared at it and endeavored to concentrate and focus all his thoughts upon it.

"*Die,*" he thought, "*You are going to die. You are dying. You are—*"

He tried variations on it, and mental pictures. Sweat stood out on his forehead and he found himself trembling with the intensity of the effort. But the Roller went ahead with its investigation of the bush, as utterly unaffected as though Carson had been reciting the multiplication tables.

So *that* was no good.

He felt a bit weak and dizzy from the heat and his strenuous efforts at concentration. He sat down on the blue sand to rest and gave his full attention to watching and studying the Roller. By close study, perhaps, he could judge its strength and detect its weaknesses, learn things that would be valuable to know when and if they should come to grips.

It was breaking off twigs. Carson watched carefully, trying to judge just how hard it worked to do that. Later, he thought, he could find a similar bush on his own side, break off twigs of equal thickness himself, and gain a comparison of physical strength between his own arms and hands and those tentacles.

The twigs broke off hard; the Roller was having to struggle with each one, he saw. Each tentacle, he saw, bifurcated at the tip into two fingers, each tipped by a nail or claw. The claws didn't seem to be particularly long or dangerous. No more so than his own fingernails, if they were let to grow a bit.

No, on the whole, it didn't look too tough to handle physically. Unless, of course, that bush was made of pretty tough stuff. Carson looked around him and, yes, right within reach was another bush of identically the same type.

He reached over and snapped off a twig. It was brittle, easy to break. Of course, the Roller might have been faking deliberately but he didn't think so.

On the other hand, where was it vulnerable? Just how would he go about killing it, if he got the chance? He went back to studying it. The outer hide looked pretty tough. He'd

need a sharp weapon of some sort. He picked up the piece of rock again. It was about twelve inches long, narrow, and fairly sharp on one end. If it chipped like flint, he could make a serviceable knife out of it.

The Roller was continuing its investigations of the bushes. It rolled again, to the nearest one of another type. A little blue lizard, many-legged like the one Carson had seen on his side of the barrier, darted out from under the bush.

A tentacle of the Roller lashed out and caught it, picked it up. Another tentacle whipped over and began to pull legs off the lizard, as coldly and calmly as it had pulled twigs off the bush. The creature struggled frantically and emitted a shrill squealing sound that was the first sound Carson had heard here other than the sound of his own voice.

Carson shuddered and wanted to turn his eyes away. But he made himself continue to watch; anything he could learn about his opponent might prove valuable. Even this knowledge of its unnecessary cruelty. Particularly, he thought with a sudden vicious surge of emotion, this knowledge of its unnecessary cruelty. It would make it a pleasure to kill the thing, if and when the chance came.

He steeled himself to watch the dismembering of the lizard, for that very reason.

But he felt glad when, with half its legs gone, the lizard quit squealing and struggling and lay limp and dead in the Roller's grasp.

It didn't continue with the rest of the legs. Contemptuously it tossed the dead lizard away from it, in Carson's direction. It arced through the air between them and landed at his feet.

It had come through the barrier! The barrier wasn't there any more!

Carson was on his feet in a flash, the knife gripped tightly in his hand, and leaped forward. He'd settle this thing here and now! With the barrier gone—

But it wasn't gone. He found that out the hard way, running head on into it and nearly knocking himself silly. He bounced back, and fell.

And as he sat up, shaking his head to clear it, he saw something coming through the air toward him, and to duck it, he threw himself flat again on the sand, and to one side. He got his body out of the way, but there was a sudden sharp pain in the calf of his left leg.

He rolled backward, ignoring the pain, and scrambled to his feet. It was a rock, he saw now, that had struck him. And the Roller was picking up another one now, swinging it back gripped between two tentacles, getting ready to throw again.

It sailed through the air toward him, but he was easily able to step out of its way. The Roller, apparently, could throw straight, but not hard nor far. The first rock had struck him only because he had been sitting down and had not seen it coming until it was almost upon him.

Even as he stepped aside from that weak second throw, Carson drew back his right arm and let fly with the rock that was still in his hand. If missiles, he thought with sudden elation, can cross the barrier, then two can play at the game of throwing them. And the good right arm of an Earthman—

He couldn't miss a three-foot sphere at only four-yard range, and he didn't miss. The rock whizzed straight, and with a speed several times that of the missiles the Roller had thrown. It hit dead center, but it hit flat, unfortunately, instead of point first.

But it hit with a resounding thump, and obviously it hurt. The Roller had been reaching for another rock, but it changed its mind and got out of there instead. By the time Carson could pick up and throw another rock, the Roller was forty yards back from the barrier and going strong.

His second throw missed by feet, and his third throw was short. The Roller was back out of range—at least out of range of a missile heavy enough to be damaging.

Carson grinned. That round had been his. Except—

He quit grinning as he bent over to examine the calf of his leg. A jagged edge of the stone had made a pretty deep cut, several inches long. It was bleeding freely, but he didn't think it had gone deep enough to hit an artery. If it stopped bleeding of its own accord, well and good. It not, he was in for trouble.

Finding out one thing, though, took precedence over that cut. The nature of the barrier.

He went forward to it again, this time groping with his hands before him. He found it; then holding one hand against it, he tossed a handful of sand at it with the other hand. The sand went right through. His hand didn't.

Organic matter versus inorganic? No, because the dead lizard had gone through it, and a lizard, alive or dead, was certainly organic. Plant life? He broke off a twig and poked it at the barrier. The twig went through, with no resistance, but when his fingers gripping the twig came to the barrier, they were stopped.

He couldn't get through it, nor could the Roller. But rocks and sand and a dead lizard—

How about a live lizard? He went hunting, under bushes, until he found one, and caught it. He tossed it gently against the barrier and it bounced back and scurried away across the blue sand.

That gave him the answer, in so far as he could determine it now. The screen was a barrier to living things. Dead or inorganic matter could cross it.

That off his mind, Carson looked at his injured leg again. The bleeding was lessening, which meant he wouldn't need to worry about making a tourniquet. But he should find some water, if any was available, to clean the wound.

Water—the thought of it made him realize that he was getting awfully thirsty. He'd *have* to find water, in case this contest turned out to be a protracted one.

Limping slightly now, he started off to make a full circuit of his half of the arena. Guiding himself with one hand along the barrier, he walked to his right until he came to the curving sidewall. It was visible, a dull blue-grey at close range, and the surface of it felt just like the central barrier.

He experimented by tossing a handful of sand at it, and the sand reached the wall and disappeared as it went through. The hemispherical shell was a force-field, too. But an opaque one, instead of transparent like the barrier.

He followed it around until he came back to the barrier, and walked back along the barrier to the point from which he'd started.

No sign of water.

Worried now, he started a series of zigzags back and forth between the barrier and the wall, covering the intervening space thoroughly.

No water. Blue sand, blue bushes, and intolerable heat. Nothing else.

It must be his imagination, he told himself angrily, that he was suffering *that* much from thirst. How long had he been here? Of course, no time at all, according to his own space-time frame. The Entity had told him time stood still out there, while he was here. But his body processes went on here, just the same. And according to his body's reckoning, how long had he been here? Three or four hours, perhaps. Certainly not long enough to be suffering seriously from thirst.

But he was suffering from it; his throat dry and parched. Probably the intense heat was the cause. It was *hot!* A hundred and thirty Fahrenheit, at a guess. A dry, still heat

without the slightest movement of air.

He was limping rather badly, and utterly fagged out when he'd finished the futile exploration of his domain.

He stared across at the motionless Roller and hoped it was as miserable as he was. And quite possibly it wasn't enjoying this, either. The Entity had said the conditions here were equally unfamiliar and equally uncomfortable for both of them. Maybe the Roller came from a planet where two-hundred degree heat was the norm. Maybe it was freezing while he was roasting.

Maybe the air was as much too thick for it as it was too thin for him. For the exertion of his explorations had left him panting. The atmosphere here, he realized now, was not much thicker than that on Mars.

No water.

That meant a deadline, for him at any rate. Unless he could find a way to cross that barrier or to kill his enemy from this side of it, thirst would kill him, eventually.

It gave him a feeling of desperate urgency. He *must* hurry.

But he made himself sit down a moment to rest, to think.

What was there to do? Nothing, and yet so many things. The several varieties of bushes for example. They didn't look promising, but he'd have to examine them for possibilities. And his leg—he'd have to do something about that, even without water to clean it. Gather ammunition in the form of rocks. Find a rock that would make a good knife.

His leg hurt rather badly now, and he decided that came first. One type of bush had leaves—or things rather similar to leaves. He pulled off a handful of them and decided, after examination, to take a chance on them. He used them to clean off the sand and dirt and caked blood, then made a pad of fresh leaves and tied it over the wound with tendrils from the same bush.

The tendrils proved unexpectedly tough and strong. They were slender, and soft and pliable, yet he couldn't break them at all. He had to saw them off the bush with the sharp edge of a piece of the blue flint. Some of the thicker ones were over a foot long, and he filed away in his memory, for future reference, the fact that a bunch of the thick ones, tied together, would make a pretty serviceable rope. Maybe he'd be able to think of a use for rope.

Next, he made himself a knife. The blue flint *did* chip.From a foot-long splinter of it, he fashioned himself a crude but lethal weapon. And of tendrils from the bush, he made himself a rope-belt through which he could thrust the flint knife, to keep it with him all the time and yet have his hands free.

He went back to studying the bushes. There were three other types. One was leafless, dry, brittle, rather like a dried tumbleweed. Another was of soft, crumbly wood, almost like punk. It looked and felt as though it would make excellent tinder for a fire. The third type was the most nearly woodlike. It had fragile leaves that wilted at a touch, but the stalks, although short, were straight and strong.

It was horribly, unbearably hot.

He limped up to the barrier, felt to make sure that it was still there. It was.

He stood watching the Roller for a while. It was keeping a safe distance back from the barrier, out of effective stone-throwing range. It was moving around back there, doing something. He couldn't tell what it was doing.

Once it stopped moving, came a little closer, and seemed to concentrate its attention on him. Again Carson had to fight off a wave of nausea. He threw a stone at it and the Roller retreated and went back to whatever it had been doing before.

At least he could make it keep its distance.

And, he thought bitterly, a devil of a lot of good *that* did him. Just the same, he spent the next hour or two gathering stones of suitable size for throwing and making several neat piles of them, near his side of the barrier.

His throat burned now. It was difficult for him to think about anything except water.

But he *had* to think about other things. About getting through the barrier, under or over it, getting *at* that red sphere and killing it before this place of heat and thirst killed him first.

The barrier went to the wall upon either side, but how high and how far under the sand?

For just a moment, Carson's mind was too fuzzy to think out how he could find out either of those things. Idly, sitting there in the hot sand—and he didn't remember sitting down—he watched a blue lizard crawl from the shelter of one bush to the shelter of another.

From under the second bush, it looked out at him.

Carson grinned at it. Maybe he was getting a bit punch-drunk, because he remembered suddenly the old story of the desert-colonists on Mars, taken from an older desert story on Earth—"Pretty soon you get so lonesome you find yourself talking to the lizards, and then not so long after that you find the lizards talking back to you—"

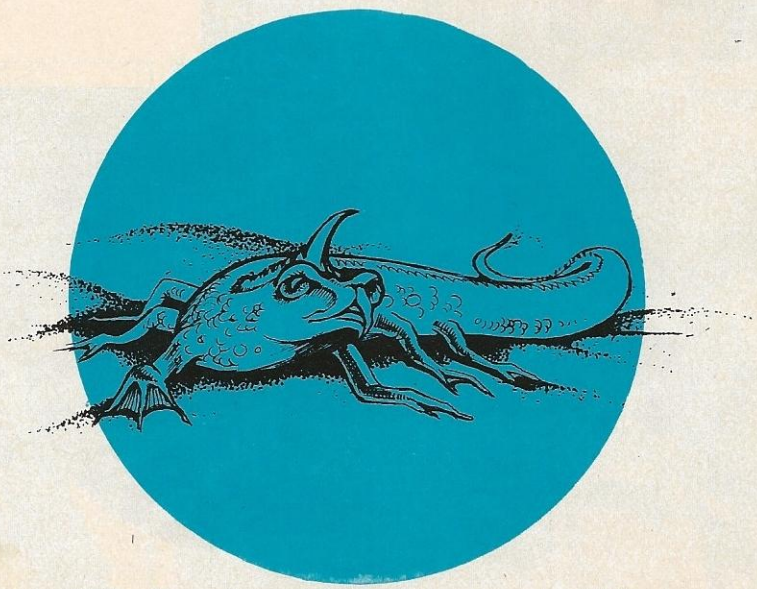
He should have been concentrating, of course, on how to kill the Roller, but instead he grinned at the lizard and said, "Hello, there."

The lizard took a few steps toward him. "Hello," it said.

Carson was stunned for a moment, and then he put back his head and roared with laughter. It didn't hurt his throat to do so, either; he hadn't been *that* thirsty.

Why not? Why should the Entity who thought up this nightmare of a

(Continued on page 44)

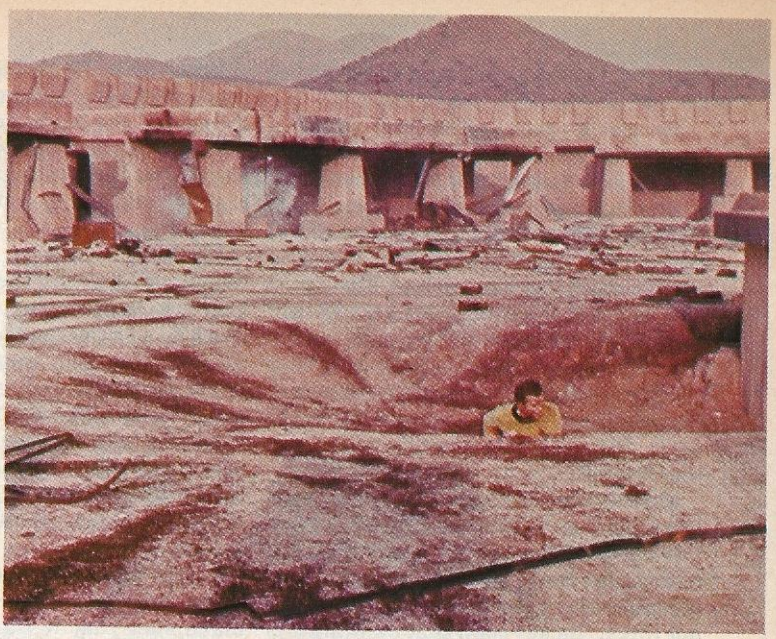


"The lizard took a few steps toward him. 'Hello,' it said."

STAR TREK

Captain Kirk and the Gorn

The screen credit reads: "By Gene L. Coon from a story by Fredric Brown," and the teleplay is just that: an amalgam of the ideas of two men in the creation of a single work of art, *Star Trek*'s "Arena." The framework here is Brown's: two forces on the brink of intergalactic annihilation, an interferring alien intelligence, the opportunity to solve the conflict in a single personal duel. The story's flesh and voice are Coon's: the characterization (within limits) of James T. Kirk, the slimy Gorn, the desert terrain, the specific tools and methods of attack, and the final message. The mentality of the script is Gene Coon's; the soul is Fred Brown's.



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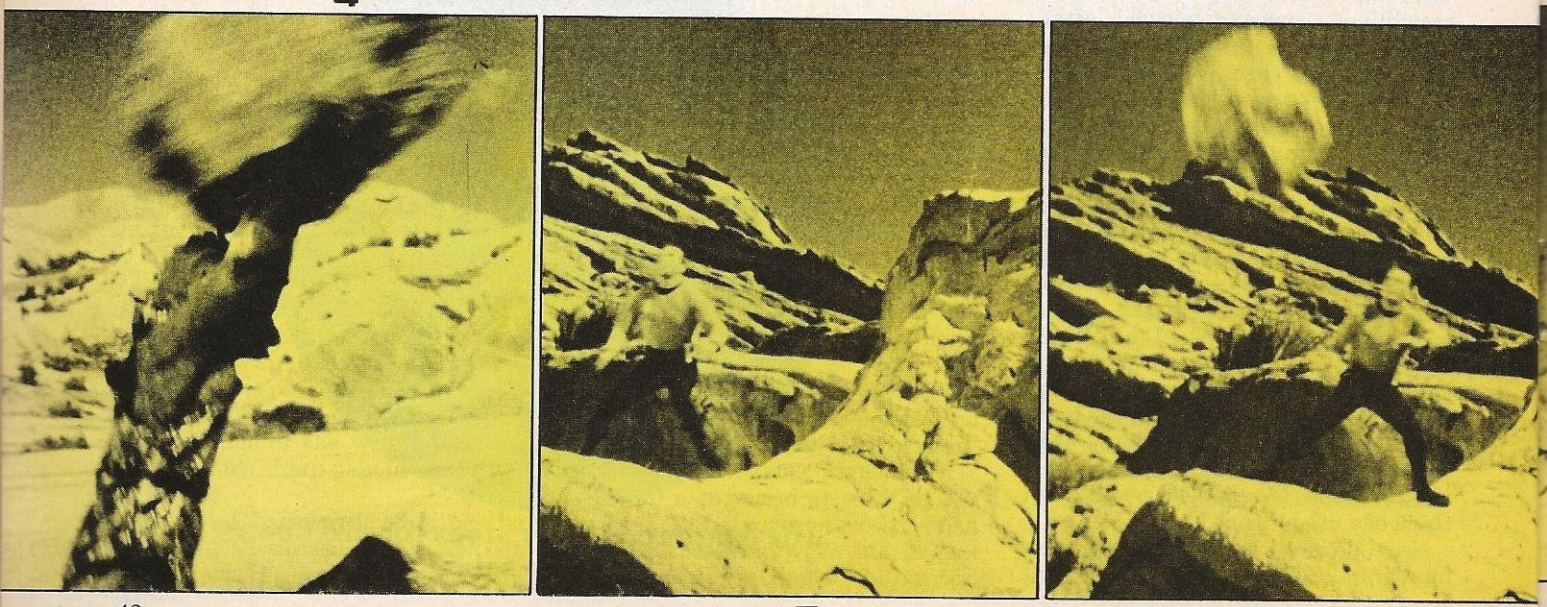

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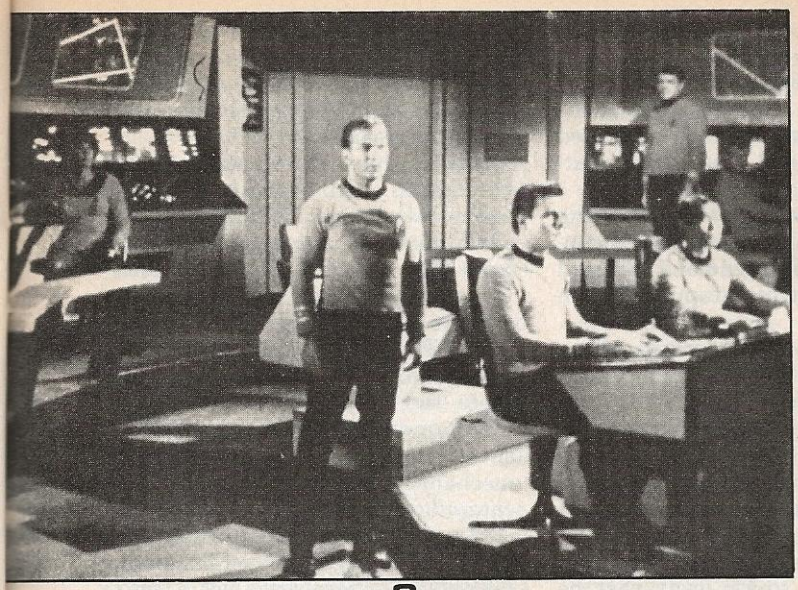

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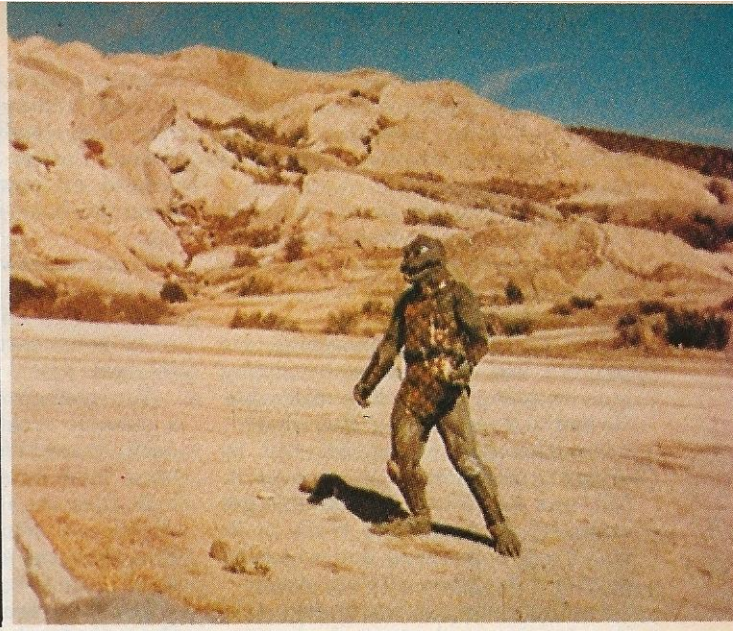


3

1 Kirk confronts an unseen enemy on the surface of a supposedly peaceful planet. It becomes clear that the enemy weapons are a match for the Federation's.

2 In a second, Kirk will be abducted from the bridge.

3 Kirk finds himself stripped of defenses and alone on a desert planet facing the enemy's representative.

4 The crew on the Enterprise, even though light years away from where the duel is to take place, are empowered to watch on the viewscreen. Spock's in charge.

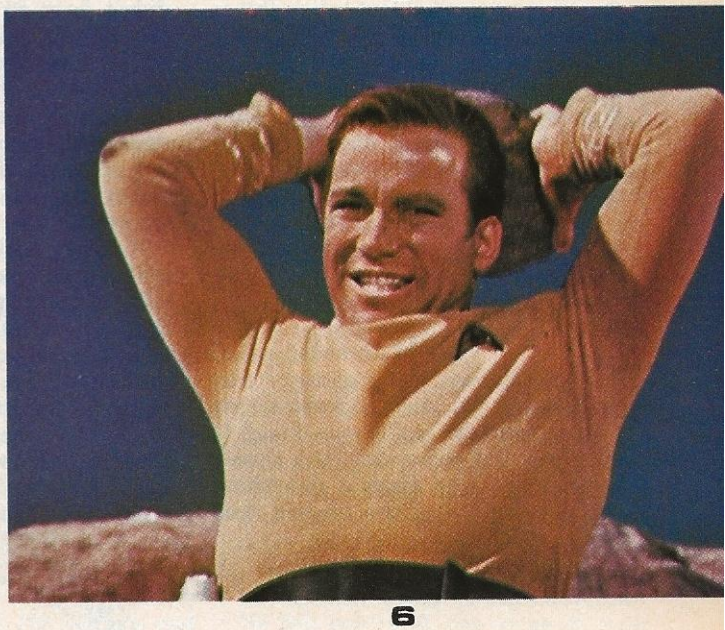
5 The hideous Gorn is much stronger than Kirk but more sluggish. The inventiveness of the two seems matched.

6 First Kirk tries the simplest weapon he can find.

7 The Gorn replies in kind, but with a much bigger rock.

8 After escaping the snare set for him by the Gorn, Kirk wins by propelling rough diamonds at his tough-skinned opponent from a "cannon" powered by crude gunpowder—fashioned out of local minerals and plants.

9 The Metron appears and declares Kirk the winner, because of Kirk's display of compassion when he refuses to kill his enemy once victory is assured for earth.



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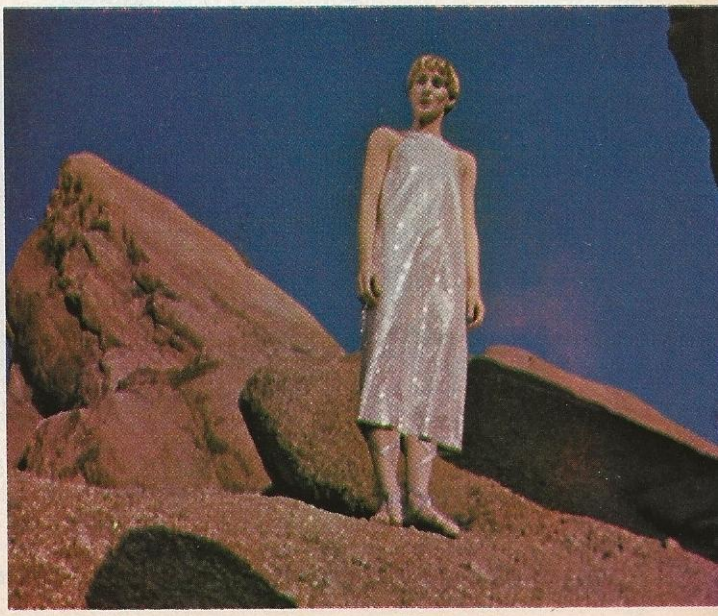

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place not have a sense of humor, along with the other powers he has? Talking lizards, equipped to talk back in my own language, if I talk to them—It's a nice touch.

He grinned at the lizard and said, "Come on over." But the lizard turned and ran away, scurrying from bush to bush until it was out of sight.

He was thirsty again.

And he had to *do* something. He couldn't win this contest by sitting here sweating and feeling miserable. He had to *do* something. But what?

Get through the barrier. But he couldn't get through it, or over it. But was he certain he couldn't get under it? And come to think of it, didn't one sometimes find water by digging? Two birds with one stone—

Painfully now, Carson limped up to the barrier and started digging, scooping up sand a double handful at a time. It was slow, hard work because the sand ran in at the edges and the deeper he got the bigger in diameter the hole had to be. How many hours it took him, he didn't know, but he hit bedrock four feet down. Dry bedrock; no sign of water.

And the force-field of the barrier went down clear to the bedrock. No dice. Nothing.

He crawled out of the hole and lay there panting, and then raised his head to look across and see what the Roller was doing. It must be doing something back there.

It was. It was making something out of wood from the bushes, tied together with tendrils. A queerly shaped framework about four feet high and roughly square. To see it better, Carson climbed up onto the mound of sand he had excavated from the hole, and stood there staring.

There were two long levers sticking out of the back of it, one with a cup-shaped affair on the end of it. Seemed to be some sort of catapult, Carson thought.

Sure enough, the Roller was lifting a sizeable rock into the cup-shaped outfit. One of his tentacles moved the other lever up and down for a while, and then he turned the machine slightly as though aiming it and the lever with the stone flew up and forward.

The stone arced several yards over Carson's head, so far away that he didn't have to duck, but he judged the distance it had traveled, and whistled softly. He couldn't throw a rock that weight more than half that distance. And even retreating to the rear of his domain wouldn't put him out of range of that machine, if the Roller shoved it forward almost to the barrier.

Another rock whizzed over. Not quite so far away this time.

That thing could be dangerous, he decided. Maybe he'd better do something about it.

Moving from side to side along the barrier, so the catapult couldn't bracket him, he whaled a dozen rocks at it. But that wasn't going to be any good, he saw. They had to be light rocks, or he couldn't throw them that far. If they hit the framework, they bounced off harmlessly. And the Roller had no difficulty, at that distance, in moving aside from those that came near it.

Besides, his arm was tiring badly. He ached all over from sheer weariness. If he could only rest a while without having to duck rocks from that catapult at regular intervals of maybe thirty seconds each—

He stumbled back to the rear of the arena. Then he saw even that wasn't any good. The rocks reached back there, too, only there were longer intervals between them, as though it took longer to wind up the mechanism, whatever it was, of the catapult.

Wearily, he dragged himself back to the barrier again. Several times he fell and could barely rise to his feet to go on. He was, he knew, near the limit of his endurance. Yet he didn't dare stop moving now, until and unless he could put that catapult out of action. If he fell asleep, he'd never wake up.

One of the stones from it gave him the first glimmer of an idea. It struck upon one of the piles of stones he'd gathered together near the barrier to use as ammunition, and it struck sparks.

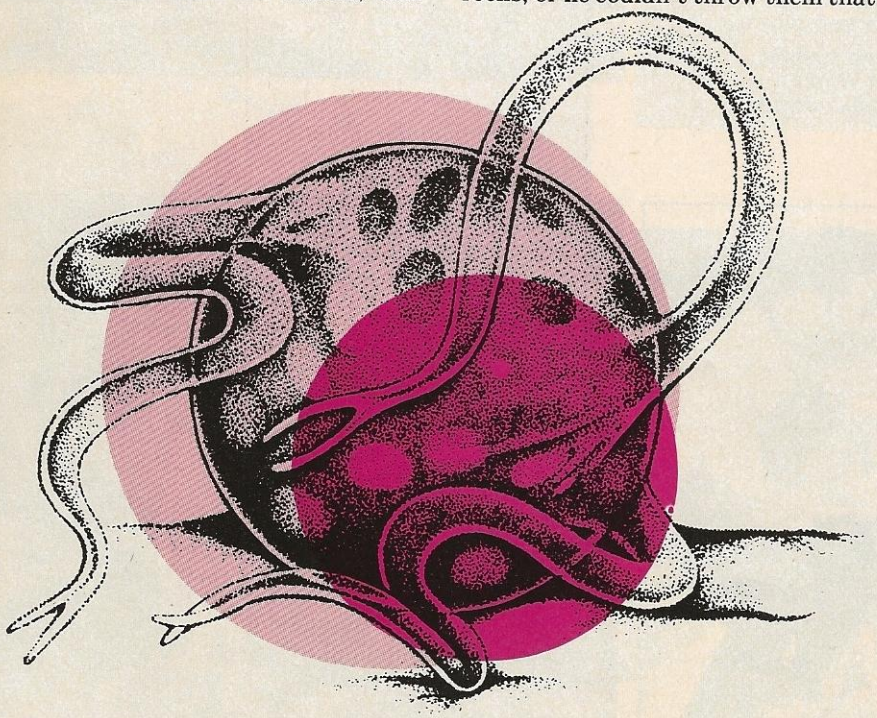
Sparks. Fire. Primitive man had made fire by striking sparks, and with some of those dry crumbly bushes as tinder—

Luckily, a bush of that type was near him. He broke it off, took it over to the pile of stones, then patiently hit one stone against another until a spark touched the punk-like wood of the bush. It went up in flames so fast that it singed his eyebrows and was burned to an ash within seconds.

But he had the idea now, and within minutes he had a little fire going in the lee of the mound of sand he'd made digging the hole an hour or two ago. Tinder bushes had started it, and other bushes which burned, but more slowly, kept it a steady flame.

The tough wirelike tendrils didn't burn readily; that made the fire-bombs easy to make and throw. A bundle of faggots tied about a small stone to give it weight and a loop of the tendril to swing it by.

He made half a dozen of them before he lighted and threw the first. It went wide, and the Roller started a quick retreat, pulling the catapult after him. But Carson had the others ready and threw them in rapid succession. The fourth wedged in the catapult's framework, and did the trick. The Roller tried desperately to put out the spreading blaze by throwing sand, but its clawed tentacles



". . . The roller started a quick retreat. . ."

would take only a spoonful at a time and his efforts were ineffectual. The catapult burned.

The Roller moved safely away from the fire and seemed to concentrate its attention on Carson and again he felt that wave of hatred and nausea. But more weakly; either the Roller itself was weakening or Carson had learned how to protect himself against the mental attack.

He thumbed his nose at it and then sent it scuttling back to safety by throwing a stone. The Roller went clear to the back of its half of the arena and started pulling up bushes again. Probably it was going to make another catapult.

Carson verified—for the hundredth time—that the barrier was still operating, and then found himself sitting in the sand beside it because he was suddenly too weak to stand up.

His leg throbbed steadily now and the pangs of thirst were severe. But those things paled beside the utter physical exhaustion that gripped his entire body.

And the heat.

Hell must be like this, he thought. The hell that the ancients had believed in. He fought to stay awake, and yet staying awake seemed futile, for there was nothing he could do. Nothing, while the barrier remained impregnable and the Roller stayed back out of range.

But there must be *something*. He tried to remember things he had read in books of archaeology about the methods of fighting used back in the days before metal and plastic. The stone missile, that had come first, he thought. Well, that he already had.

The only improvement on it would be a catapult, such as the Roller had made. But he'd never be able to make one, with the tiny bits of wood available from the bushes—no single piece longer than a foot or so. Certainly he could figure out a mechanism for one, but he didn't have the endurance left for a task that would take days.

Days? But the Roller had made one. Had they been here days already? Then he remembered that the Roller had many tentacles to work with and undoubtedly could do such work faster than he.

And besides, a catapult wouldn't decide the issue. He had to do better than that.

Bow and arrow? No; he'd tried archery once and knew his own ineptness with a bow. Even with a modern sportsman's durasteel weapon, made for accuracy. With such a crude, pieced-together outfit as he could make here, he doubted if he could shoot as far as he could throw a rock, and knew he couldn't shoot as straight.

Spear? Well, he *could* make that. It would be useless as a throwing weapon at any distance, but would be a handy thing at close range, if he ever got to close range.

And making one would give him something to do. Help keep his mind from wandering, as it was beginning to do. Sometimes now, he had to concentrate a while before he could remember why he was here, why he had to kill the Roller.

Luckily he was still beside one of the piles of stones. He sorted through it until he found one shaped roughly like a spearhead. With a smaller stone he began to chip it into shape, fashioning sharp shoulders on the sides so that if it penetrated it would not pull out again.

Like a harpoon? There was something in that idea, he thought. A harpoon was better than a spear, maybe, for this crazy contest. If he could once get it into the Roller and had a rope on it, he could pull the Roller up against the barrier and the stone blade of his knife could reach through that barrier, even if his hands wouldn't.

The shaft was harder to make than the head. But by splitting and joining the main stems of four of the bushes, and wrapping the joints with the tough but thin tendrils, he got a strong shaft about four feet long, and tied the stone head in a notch cut in the end.

It was crude, but strong.

And the rope. With the thin tough tendrils he made himself twenty feet of line. It was light and didn't look strong, but he knew it would hold his weight and to spare. He tied one end of it to the shaft of the harpoon and the other end about his right wrist. At least, if he threw his harpoon across the barrier, he'd be able to pull it back if he missed.

Then when he had tied the last knot and there was nothing more he could do, the heat and the weariness and the pain in his leg and the dreadful thirst were suddenly a thousand times worse than they had been before.

He tried to stand up, to see what the Roller was doing now, and found he couldn't get to his feet. On the third try, he got as far as his knees and then fell flat again.

"I've got to sleep," he thought. "If a showdown came now, I'd be helpless. He could come up here and kill me, if he knew. I've got to regain some strength."

Slowly, painfully, he crawled back away from the barrier. Ten yards, twenty—

The jar of something thudding against the sand near him waked him from a confused and horrible dream to a more confused and more horrible reality, and he opened his eyes again to blue radiance over blue sand.

How long had he slept? A minute? A day?

Another stone thudded nearer and threw sand on him. He got his arms under him and sat up. He turned around and saw the Roller twenty yards away, at the barrier.

It rolled away hastily as he sat up, not stopping until it was as far away as it could get.

He'd fallen asleep too soon, he realized, while he was still in range of the Roller's throwing ability. Seeing him lying motionless, it had dared to come up to the barrier to throw at him. Luckily, it didn't realize how weak he was, or it could have stayed there and kept on throwing stones.

Had he slept long? He didn't think so, because he felt just as he had before. Not rested at all, no thirstier, no different. Probably he'd been there only a few minutes.

He started crawling again, this time forcing himself to keep going until he was as far as he could go, until the colorless, opaque wall of the arena's outer shell was only a yard away.

Then things slipped away again—

When he awoke, nothing about him was changed, but this time he knew that he had slept a long time.

The first thing he became aware of was the inside of his mouth; it was dry, caked. His tongue was swollen.

Something was wrong, he knew, as he returned slowly to full awareness. He felt less tired, the stage of utter exhaustion had passed. The sleep had taken care of that.

But there was pain, agonizing pain. It wasn't until he tried to move that he knew that it came from his leg.

He raised his head and looked down at it. It was swollen terribly below the knee and the swelling showed even half-way up his thigh. The plant tendrils he had used to tie on the protective pad of leaves now cut deeply into the swollen flesh.

To get his knife under that imbedded lashing would have been impossible. Fortunately, the final knot was over the shin bone, in front, where the vine cut in less deeply than elsewhere. He was able, after an agonizing effort, to untie the knot.

A look under the pad of leaves told him the worst. Infection and blood poisoning, both pretty bad and getting worse.

And without drugs, without cloth, without even *water*, there wasn't a

thing he could do about it.

Not a thing, except *die*, when the poison had spread through his system.

He knew it was hopeless, then, and that he'd lost.

And with him, humanity. When he died here, out there in the universe he knew, all his friends, everybody, would die, too. And Earth and the colonized planets would be the home of the red, rolling, alien Outsiders. Creatures out of nightmare, things without a human attribute, who picked lizards apart for the fun of it.

It was the thought of that which gave him courage to start crawling, almost blindly in pain, toward the barrier again. Not crawling on hands and knees this time, but pulling himself along only by his arms and hands.

A chance in a million, that maybe he'd have strength left, when he got there, to throw his harpoon-spear just *once*, and with deadly effect, if—on another chance in a million—the Roller would come up to the barrier. Or if the barrier was gone, now.

It took him years, it seemed, to get there.

The barrier wasn't gone. It was as impassable as when he'd first felt it.

And the Roller wasn't at the barrier. By raising up on his elbows, he could see it at the back of its part of the arena, working on a wooden framework that was a half-completed duplicate of the catapult he'd destroyed.

It was moving slowly now. Undoubtedly it had weakened, too.

But Carson doubted that it would ever need that second catapult. He'd be dead, he thought, before it was finished.

If he could attract it to the barrier, now, while he was still alive—He waved an arm and tried to shout, but his parched throat would make no sound.

Or if he could get through the barrier—

His mind must have slipped for a moment, for he found himself beating his fists against the barrier in futile rage, made himself stop.

He closed his eyes, tried to make himself calm.

"Hello," said the voi

It was a small, ice. It sounded like—

He opened his eyes d his head. It *was* a lizard.

"Go away," Carson to say. "Go away; you're not here, or you're there but not talking. I'm imagining things a"

But he couldn't talk his throat and tongue were past all speech with the dryness. He closed his eyes again.

"Hurt," said the voice. "Kill. Hurt—kill. Come."

He opened his eyes again. The blue ten-legged lizard was still there. It ran a little way along the barrier, came back, started off again, and came back.

"Hurt," it said. "Kill. Come."

Again it started off, and came back. Obviously it wanted Carson to follow it along the barrier.

He closed his eyes again. The voice kept on. The same three meaningless words. Each time he opened his eyes it ran off and came back.

"Hurt. Kill. Come."

Carson groaned. There would be no peace unless he followed the blasted thing. Like it wanted him to.

He followed it, crawling. Another sound, a high-pitched squealing, came to his ears and grew louder.

There was something lying in the sand, writhing, squealing. Something small, blue, that looked like a lizard and yet didn't—

Then he saw what it was—the lizard whose legs the Roller had pulled off, so long ago. But it wasn't dead; it had come back to life and was wriggling and screaming in agony.

"Hurt," said the other lizard. "Hurt. Kill. Kill."

Carson understood. He took the flint knife from his belt and killed the tortured creature. The live lizard scurried off quickly.

Carson turned back to the barrier. He leaned his hands and head against it and watched the Roller, far back, working on the new catapult.

"I could get that far," he thought, "If I could get through. If I could get through, I might win yet. It looks weak, too. I might—"

And then there was another reaction of black hopelessness, when pain sapped his will and he wished that he were dead. He envied the lizard he'd just killed. It didn't have to live on and suffer. And he did. It would be hours, it might be days, before the blood poisoning killed him.

If only he could use that knife on himself—

But he knew he wouldn't. As long as he was alive, there was the millionth chance—

He was straining, pushing on the barrier with the flat of his hands, and he noticed his arms, how thin and scrawny they were now. He must really have been here a long time, for days, to get as thin as that.

How much longer now, before he died? How much more heat and thirst and pain could flesh stand?

For a little while he was almost hysterical again, and then came a time of deep calm, and a thought that was startling.

The lizard he had just killed. *It had crossed the barrier, still alive.* It had come from the Roller's side; the Roller had pulled off its legs and then tossed it contemptuously at him and it had come through the barrier. He'd thought, because the lizard was dead.

But it hadn't been dead; it had been unconscious.

A live lizard couldn't go through the barrier, but an unconscious one could. The barrier was not a barrier, then, to living flesh, but to conscious flesh. It was a *mental* projection, a *mental* hazard.

And with that thought, Carson started crawling along the barrier to make his last desperate gamble. A hope so forlorn that only a dying man would have dared try it.

No use weighing the odds of success. Not when, if he didn't try it, those odds were infinity to zero.

He crawled along the barrier to the dune of sand, about four feet high, which he'd scooped out in trying—how many days ago?—to dig under the barrier or to reach water.

That mound was right at the barrier, its farthest slope half on one side of the barrier, half on the other.

Taking with him a rock from the pile nearby, he climbed up to the top of the dune and over the top, and lay there against the barrier, his weight against it so that if the barrier were taken away he'd roll on down the short slope, into the enemy territory.

He checked to be sure that the knife was safely in his rope belt, that the harpoon was in the crook of his left arm and that the twenty-foot rope fastened to it and to his wrist.

Then with his right hand he raised the rock with which he would hit himself on the head. Luck would have to be with him on that blow; it would have to be hard enough to knock him out, but not hard enough to knock him out for long.

He had a hunch that the Roller was watching him, and would see him roll down through the barrier, and come to investigate. It would think he was dead, he hoped—he thought it had probably drawn the same deduction about the nature of the barrier that he had drawn. But it would come cautiously. He would have a little time—

He struck.

Pain brought him back to consciousness. A sudden sharp pain in his hip that was different from the throbbing pain in his head and the throbbing pain in his leg.

But he had, thinking things out before he had struck himself, anticipated that very pain, even hoped

for it, and had steeled himself against awakening with a sudden movement.

He lay still, but opened his eyes just a slit, and saw that he had guessed rightly. The Roller was coming closer. It was twenty feet away and the pain that had awakened him was the stone it had tossed to see whether he was alive or dead.

He lay still. It came closer, fifteen feet away, and stopped again. Carson scarcely breathed.

As nearly as possible, he was keeping his mind a blank, lest its telepathic ability detect consciousness in him. And with his mind blanked out that way, the impact of its thoughts upon his mind was nearly soul-shattering.

He felt sheer horror at the utter *alienness*, the *differentness* of those thoughts. Things that he felt but could not understand and could never express, because no terrestrial language had words, no terrestrial mind had images to fit them. The mind of a spider, he thought, or the mind of a praying mantis or a Martian sand-serpent, raised to intelligence and put in telepathic rapport with human minds, would be a homely familiar thing, compared to this.

He understood now that the Entity had been right: Man or Roller, and the universe was not a place that could hold them both. Farther apart than god and devil, there could never be even a balance between them.

Closer. Carson waited until it was only feet away, until its clawed tentacles reached out—

Oblivious to agony now, he sat up, raised and flung the harpoon with all the strength that remained in him. Or he thought it was all; sudden final strength flooded through him, along with a sudden forgetfulness of pain as definite as a nerve block.

As the Roller, deeply stabbed by the harpoon, rolled away, Carson tried to get to his feet to run after it. He couldn't do that; he fell, but kept crawling.

It reached the end of the rope, and he was jerked forward by the pull on his wrist. It dragged him a few feet and then stopped. Carson kept on going, pulling himself toward it hand over hand along the rope.

It stopped there, writhing tentacles trying in vain to pull out the harpoon. It seemed to shudder and quiver, and then it must have realized that it couldn't get away, for it rolled back toward him, clawed tentacles reaching out.

Stone knife in hand, he met it. He stabbed, again and again, while those horrid claws ripped skin and flesh and muscle from his body.

He stabbed and slashed, and at last it was still.

A bell was ringing, and it took him a while after he'd opened his eyes to tell where he was and what it was. He was strapped into the seat of his scouter, and the visiplate before him showed only empty space. No Outsider ship and no impossible planet.

The bell was the communications plate signal; someone wanted him to switch power into the receiver. Purely reflex action enabled him to reach forward and throw the lever.

The face of Brander, captain of the *Magellan*, mother-ship of his group of scouters, flashed onto the screen. His face was pale and his black eyes glowing with excitement.

"*Magellan* to Carson," he snapped. "Come on in. The fight's over. We've won!"

The screen went blank; Brander would be signalling the other scouters of his command.

Slowly, Carson set the controls for the return. Slowly, unbelievingly, he unstrapped himself from the seat and went back to get a drink at the cold-water tank. For some reason, he was unbelievably thirsty. He drank six glasses.

He leaned there against the wall, trying to think.

Had it happened? He was in good health, sound, uninjured. His thirst had been mental rather than physical; his throat hadn't been dry. His leg—

He pulled up his trouser leg and looked at the calf. There was a long white scar there, but a perfectly healed scar. It hadn't been there before. He zipped open the front of his shirt and saw that his chest and abdomen were criss-crossed with tiny, almost unnoticeable, perfectly healed scars.

It *had* happened.

The scouter, under automatic control, was already entering the hatch of the mother-ship. The grapples pulled it into its individual lock, and a moment later a buzzer indicated that the lock was air-filled. Carson opened the hatch and stepped outside, went through the double door of the lock.

He went right to Brander's office, went in, and saluted.

Brander still looked dizzily dazed. "Hi, Carson," he said. "What you missed! What a show!"

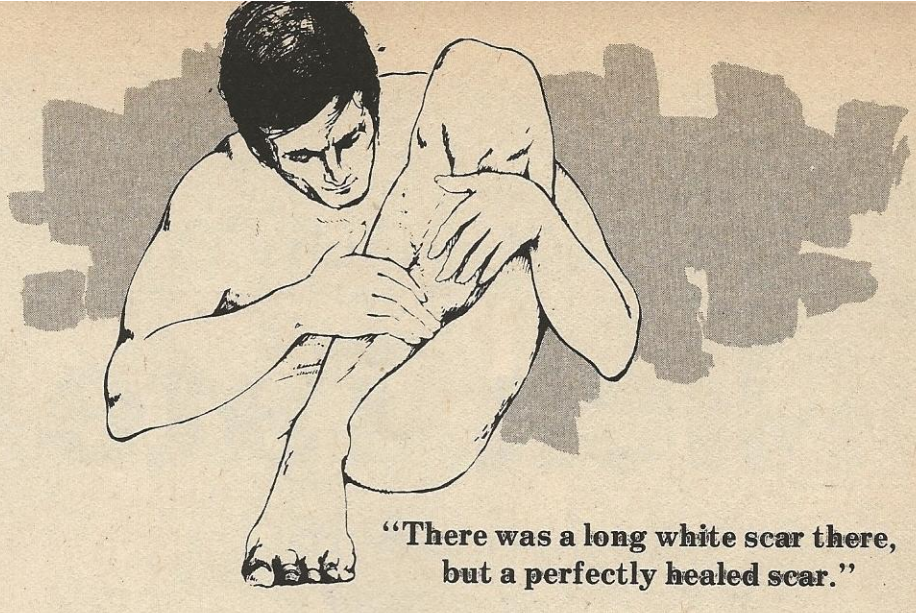
"What happened, sir?"

"Don't know exactly. We fired one salvo, and their whole fleet went up in dust! Whatever it was jumped from ship to ship in a flash, even the ones we hadn't aimed at and that were out of range! The whole fleet disintegrated before our eyes, and we didn't get the paint of a single ship scratched!

"We can't even claim credit for it. Must have been some unstable component in the metal they used, and our sighting shot just set it off. Man, oh man, too bad you missed all the excitement."

Carson managed to grin. It was a sickly ghost of a grin, for it would be days before he'd be over the mental impact of his experience, but the captain wasn't watching, and didn't notice.

"Yes, sir," he said. Common sense, more than modesty, told him he'd be branded forever as the worst liar in space if he ever said any more than that. "Yes, sir, too bad I missed all the excitement." ★



"There was a long white scar there, but a perfectly healed scar."

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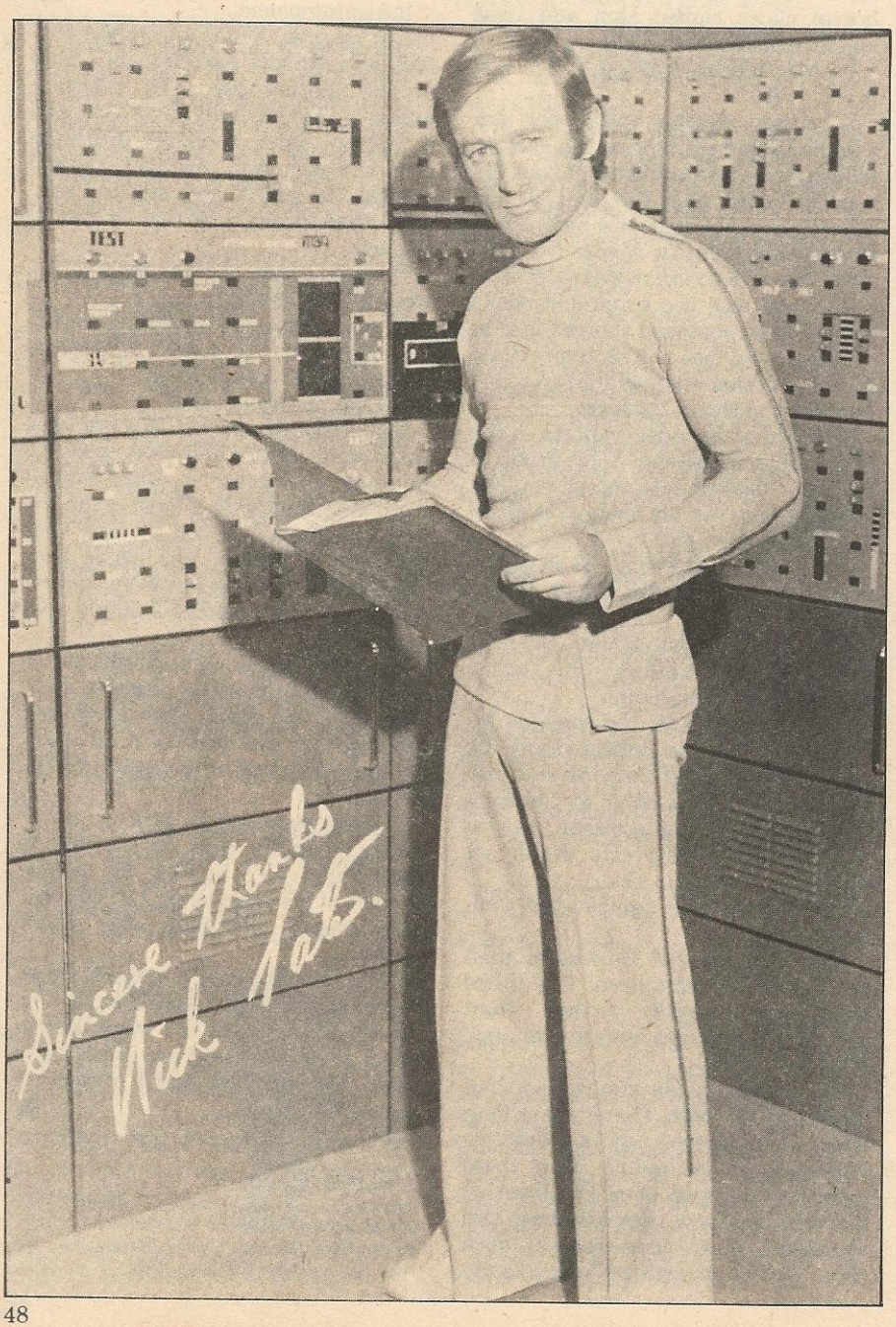
STARLOG INTERVIEW

Nick Tate

(Alan Carter)

Space: 1999



By JIM BURNS

Nick Tate, who plays Moonbase Alpha's chief Eagle pilot Alan Carter, was born in a trunk. His grandmother and a greatgrandmother were both opera singers; his grandfather was a vaudevillian; and both his parents are actors. A show business career followed naturally and began at a fairly early age. Back in the sixties, Nick appeared in many Australian television series and built himself quite a good reputation. Interestingly enough, he didn't get his start in front of the cameras, but behind them in television production.

"I guess television production is really the best grounding that any actor can have," Nick explains, "because it has shown me all the inherent problems that directors and production companies have in setting up a show. It's given me a great sympathy and rapport with the people who control what *I* do on stage or in front of the camera."

Nick's TV acting career got its biggest boost when he was called for a leading role in a musical version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which he did for about eighteen months. Because of his exposure in the musical, Nick was then cast, along with his father, in the tremendously popular *Dynasty*, a television series about a powerful Australian family. When *Dynasty* ended in 1971, Nick did several made-for-TV movies and then made the big decision to move to England.

"One of the shows I had done in Australia was a thing called *The Chaser*, in which I played a private investigator. A man who was involved with that show suggested to the Andersons (Gerry and Sylvia, *1999*'s producers) that I was the right kind of person for one of the astronauts. I went through the general screening process, and eventually I got the part. It was *not*, however the part of Alan Carter. It was the part of his off-sider (co-pilot). Alan Carter was to have been played by an Italian and the character was to be named Alphonse Catanie. Just before shooting started, the Italian couldn't

Photos I.T.V., Inc.

Right: In "All That Glisters," Martin Landau and Nick Tate as Commander John Koenig and Alan Carter face yet another alien, this time in the guise of a glowing "rock" that also happens to be alive. . . and dangerous.

Above: In "Bringers of Wonder," Alan and another crew member are deluded into opening the reactor housing. Left: A helpless Carter looks on as the alien lashes back at Koenig in a scene from "All That Glisters."

get himself released from a film he was doing in Italy, and a last minute juggle took place. They tried to find somebody to replace him, and I was the man on the spot. They had interviewed several people, but the director, an American, liked me and felt that my sort of Australian aggression was what they wanted for the series. They gave me a lucky break and let me do it.

"At first, I was only supposed to be in the premiere episode. Then they offered me another five, because things were looking interesting, and, at the end of the sixth episode, they said, 'We'd like to sign you up for the series.' "

Due to his great popularity, Nick was kept on the show for the second season. When asked what *he* thought was wrong with Year One, he replied:

"I think I agree with the general public that there wasn't enough emotion and humor in the first season. This year that's been rectified. I always wanted to see development of

Below: In filming "Space Brain," the director accidentally joined in the fun by slipping on the foam and disappearing into the mountain of suds. He reappeared, to everyone's amusement, covered with the alien menace.

the secondary characters, which has happened. I think we were all very much aware of the series' faults, but we weren't aware of them when the show started. It was something that become apparent as the series wore on. But then, there wasn't very much we could do about it, because the format and style were set. The only way we could do anything was to start a second season."

Of course, funny incidents occurred while the show was being filmed. When pressed for one such incident, Nick complied with a devilish grin.

"In the episode where the foam was attacking Moonbase Alpha ("Space Brain"), we had a huge soap machine pumping the stuff in, and when they turned the machines on, you couldn't hear anything because of the roar (they used airplane engines to whip it up). Everyone was screaming and waving at one another, and this twelve foot wall of foam, which was as scary as if it had been a real menace, came floating down the studio floor, about a hundred yards wide. We were all dressed up in our space suits and had to wade through it. At the end of the filming, the director, Charley Crichton, yelled 'Cut!,' but nobody could hear him, including the people operating the soap machine.

"He finally went rushing out in front of the cameras waving his arms and screaming, 'Cut! Cut!' He hit the base of the foam, shot underneath it like in a Laurel and Hardy movie, and completly disappeared. When he finally struggled out, he looked like the abominable snowman!"

How does Nick feel about his own character?

"I *love* Alan Carter. He's my kind of guy, and I was very lucky to get the role. I was obviously cast because I offered that kind of volatile personality. But I've also been able to bring some vulnerability to Alan's character. When Alan gets into a tough situation, I show his loyalty and dedication to duty. If he gets into a fight and is beaten, as happens more often than not, I show that there is a human vulnerability to his character. I like showing human foibles."

Speaking of fights, Nick does all his own stunt work, and really enjoys working with the stuntmen on the various and numerous action scenes. His training for this sort of activity, in addition to the on-the-job sort, came from a short period in the Australian military.

The danger involved in stunt work makes the job that much more interesting to Nick. But accidents can and do happen. In one scene, for example, Nick and the stunt men had carefully choreographed an entire fight down to the minutest detail, but when it came time to shoot that particular scene, it was late in the day, and it was necessary to use the real actor (Anton Phillips, who was playing Dr. Matthias) rather than his double. Since Phillips had had no stunt training, Nick quickly coached him on the movements necessary, instructing him to jerk his head back at the critical moment. When the scene was shot, however, Phillips forgot, jerked forward, and caught a haymaker from Nick square on the jaw which actually knocked him out. Fortunately, there was no permanent damage, but Phillips got a valuable object lesson in the necessity for stunt rehearsals.

During the break in production between seasons, Nick starred in a made-for-television SF movie produced by Gerry Anderson for NBC, entitled *The Day After Tomorrow*, dealing with Einstein's theory of

Alan Carter is about to have his life forces drained from him to feed the biological computer, Psyche, in Year Two's first episode "Metamorph."

relativity. He also went back to Australia to star in a picture called *The Devil's Playground*, for which he won the 1976 Australian Best Actor of the Year Award.

"In *The Devil's Playground*, I play a Catholic teaching brother—a very sympathetic, marvelous character. He's a man who drinks far too much, feels very strongly about things, and is a very frustrated sort of human being. He's not allowed the same sort of extrovertism as Alan Carter."

Or Nick Tate, for that matter. The differences between the two are differences mostly in detail: occupation, background, schooling, etc. The similarities are those which make the man: character, beliefs, and feelings. This is no coincidence, of course, since the writers have partially modelled the character after the actor.

In Nick's own words, "Alan is one side of Nick Tate. And he's a side that I'm glad I'm being allowed to show." ★

ALAN CARTER: A Biography

Carter is the Chief Eagle Pilot and carries the rank of Captain. He was an astronaut in the U.S. Space Program posted on the moon in January, 1999. His original assignment was the "Meta Probe." Meta was a planet that had just been discovered in 1998, which Earth scientists felt could possibly support human life. The probe was to be launched from Moonbase Alpha to reconnoiter the new planet first hand. Unfortunately, however, all that was changed on September 13, 1999, when the moon was torn from its earth orbit by the explosion of nuclear waste material.

Alan Carter was the closest observer to this holocaust and made the snap decision to remain with the moon and the Alphans, rather than return to Earth.

Carter was born in Australia in 1966 in New South Wales. His father ran a cattle ranch, and he had two brothers and a sister. He first discovered his love of flying at the controls of his family's small aircraft, and from his first flight, knew that he wanted to be a pilot.

He finished his education in Sydney, showing little patience with subjects outside his interests, but excelling in math and physics. Carter was a fine sportsman and represented his school in rugby, swimming, and diving. He applied to the Australian Air Force and was accepted as a Pilot Cadet. Always at the head of his course, he was commissioned an officer and served his first four years in places like Singapore, Borneo, and Bali. In Bali, he met and fell in love with Kali, a Eurasian girl, who died soon after they met. It was a blow that Carter never talks about, but can never quite forget.

After being transferred back to Australia, he was accepted into a cooperative Australian/American Space program. After three years intensive training, he was the third man to set foot on Mars. Upon his return, he was promoted to captain and assigned to the Meta program to train the Eagle pilots and take responsibility for the maintenance of the Eagles until the Probe was to be launched.

A launch which, as we all know, never took place.

(Information supplied by ITV, Inc.)

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All over the country, people are losing sleep to catch a favorite episode of *The Outer Limits*—which airs after the late late movie in many areas. The show is an unchallenged favorite of millions of science-fiction fans; and, unquestionably, some of the episodes are the finest science fiction ever made for television. Join us for a very special journey into. . .

The Inner Mind of The Outer Limits

By GARY GERANI

The monster boom of the early 60's seems to have been triggered by "Famous Monsters of Filmland," an independent juvenile magazine, which preceeded a new spate of low-budget scarey movies and, in turn, sent kids to the hobby shops for monster kits, department stores for monster clothes and accessories, school-supply counters for ghoulish lunch boxes and the like.

The television networks, always sensitive to trends of the moment, hoped to cash in. On CBS, *Twilight Zone* was already making oblique contributions to the monster craze with its literate eerieness.

ABC was therefore receptive to a proposal that came from Leslie Stevens, a producer busy on the *Stoney Burke* series, and Joseph Stefano, the screenwriter who had penned Hitchcock's *Psycho*. As Stevens and Stefano described their project, which was to be called *Please Stand By*, there would be a terrifying alien in practically every episode.

A pilot, "The Galaxy Being," was committed to film; the title of the proposed series was changed to *The Outer Limits*; and on September 13, 1963, audiences were first gripped by the picture of spiraling static and the sound of the disembodied voice:

"There is nothing wrong with your television set. Do not attempt to adjust the picture. For the next hour, sit quietly and we will control all you see and hear. . ."

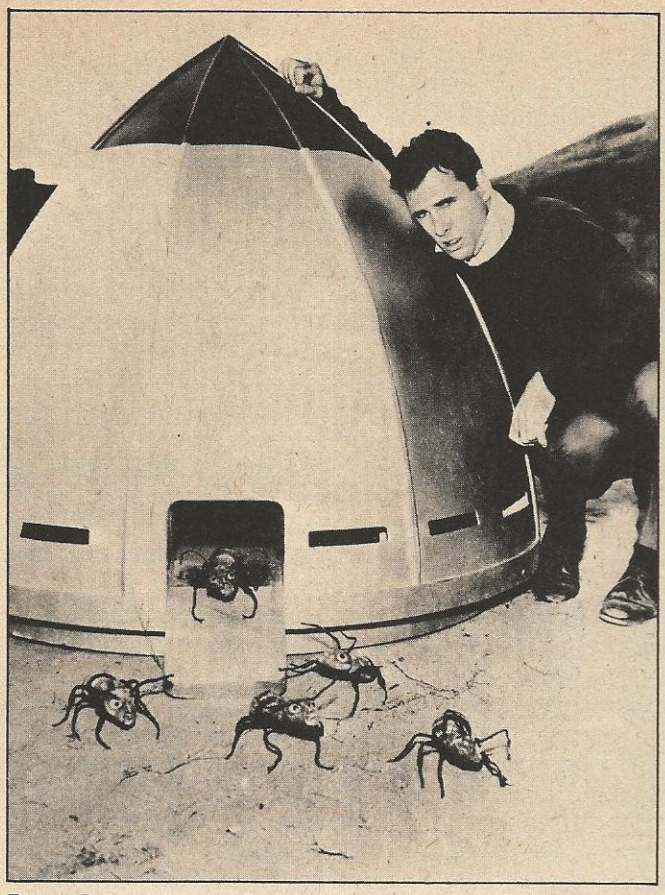
The series caught on at once, but many viewers had difficulty figuring out just what kind of show they were watching. The critics weren't very kind; they seemed to be reviewing some other show. ABC saw the ratings and said, "It is good," but ended up scratching its collective head in bewilderment. The series was cancelled after only a season and a half.

Nobody seemed to know what the strange new show *was*. Perhaps the network executives, the critics, and even the public should have read the show's "canons"—the guide in which Stefano told prospective screenwriters of the series:

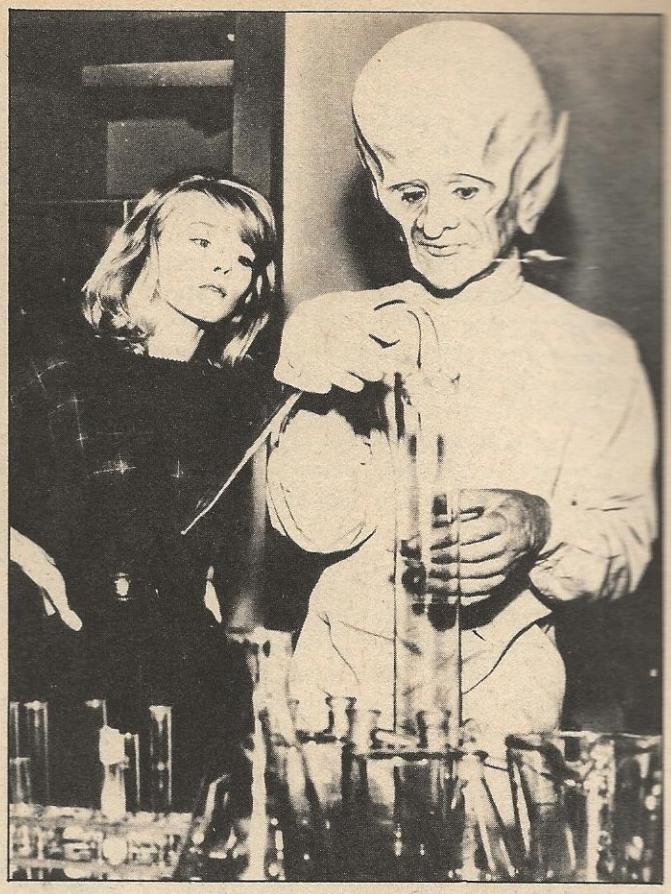
"If you believe in something, if you are angry or disturbed about something, or exasperated with joy or shaken with worry about something, be it Conformity, or Discrimination, or Politics, or Censorship, be it Patriotism, or Capital Punishment, or Disarmament, or Man's Inaccessability to Man, or Fame, or Famine, or Moral/Physical Slavery, or Addiction, or Mass Culture, or Fanaticism, or Isolationism, or Peace—if you believe in your need to state your belief, you have the thread [of a story theme]. And all the rest is craft and art and intellect.

"A high literary style encompassing the bold use of poetic imagery and stunning language is entirely fitting and not unnatural to the Science Fiction form. The very awesome and wondrous nature of Science, especially when fused with imaginative and inventive Fiction, would seem to beg and perhaps inspire high-level thinking and writing."

ABC had wanted an hour-long



Bruce Dern with the Zanti spaceship and its outcast passengers. "The Zanti Misfits" gave new meaning to the word *alien*.



In "The Sixth Finger," David McCallum portrayed an ignorant laborer who is artificially advanced into mankind's biological future.

show that would merely jump out at its audience and say boo. What they got was thought-provoking horror that aspired to fine art. They did not know how to program or promote such a product. So it died—except, of course, for the syndicated reruns which will probably live intermittantly forever.

The following retrospective glance at the ingredients of and mentalities behind *The Outer Limits* is intended to shed some light on how a misunderstood show that dared to be different has, deservedly, become a classic. . .

How does one employ artistic intention in the use of bug-eyed monsters?

To quote the canons: "Each play must have a Bear. The Bear is that one splendid, staggering, shuddering effect that induces awe or wonder or tolerable terror, or even merely conversation and argument."

Realizing that a writer would most often resort to an alien monster to accomplish his "Bear," Stefano's canons further admonished:

"The viewer will follow and care about and at times even identify with a 'monster' or an embodied 'element' or a strange and unworldly 'creature,' but this identification cannot be sustained if the viewer is asked to view monsters and elements and creatures exclusively."

Repeatedly, the canons stress the importance of theme and humanity:

"Somewhere the viewer must see himself; and while he may see himself or a part of himself in a monster, he will resist and lose interest unless we provide him with a real and human and recognizable hero-figure (or non-hero figure as the case may be)."

But the Bear was always a major consideration. A typical *Outer Limits* episode budget was $150,000—of which fully $40,000 would go for special effects. Stefano employed the Ray Mercer Company and Projects Unlimited, a small outfit where young Jim Danforth (who recently did the stop-motion work for *Flesh Gordon*) was employed. Most of the monster heads were sculpted by Wah Chang, who later would create many monster heads for *Star Trek*—the salt vampire of "Man Trap" and the Gorn of "Arena" among them.

(Some *Outer Limits* monsters actually made appearances in *Star Trek* episodes. Creatures from both "Second Chance" and "Fun and Games" were used in *Star Trek*'s "The Cage" and "The Menagerie.")

So much was spent on monsters and effects in the beginning that Stefano found himself with funds too low to make one of the mid-season (first year) shows. To meet schedule and remain within the budget, he and Leslie Stevens came up with "Controlled Experiment"—a comedy about two Martians sent to earth to investigate our quaint custom of homicide. The story required the aliens to use a machine that would play back a murder in slow and fast motion. The reshowing of the same pieces of film ate up considerable running time and gave Stefano the low-budget episode he needed. The episode starred Barry Morse (*Space: 1999*) and Carroll O'Connor (*All in the Family*).

Stefano wanted "actors with intensity"—whether they were cast in comedy or drama. And he introduced and used a great many notably intense performers: David McCallum,

Martin Landau, Robert Culp, Harry Guardino, Martin Sheen, Robert Duvall, Bruce Dern, Grace Lee Whitney, William Shatner, and Leonard Nimoy, to name a few. The old-timers he employed—like Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Grahame, Sir Cedric Hardwick—also conveyed the serious, intense, introspective, brooding character necessary to the frightening and grim style of *Outer Limits*.

Perhaps more than actors or even monsters, the photographic techniques employed gave *Outer Limits* its dark, artistic, and distinctive style. In an interview, Stefano explained his costly and time-consuming cinematography:

"In my first meeting with Connie [Conrad] Hall and John Nickolaus [cinematographers], I stated that I wanted these episodes to have the look of foreign films. . . foreign films at the time had a very special quality about them. Whether they were Bergmanesque or Japanese in feeling, there was something we were not doing over here, and *certainly* not in television. I also wanted, and got, a dramatic look to those shows."

Conrad Hall, principal cinematographer, understood and delivered. He startled viewers with his use of super-wide-angle shots, upward camera angles, hand-held camera work, vaseline-smeared lenses for various effects, and other cinematic techniques never before employed for television.

Talented professionals in all fields were recruited by Stefano and Stevens: directors like John Braham (*The Lodger, Hangover Square*), Byron Haskin (*War of the Worlds*), and Gerd Oswald (*A Kiss Before Dying*); special effects wizards Jim Danforth and Ray Mercer; and composers Harry Lubin (*One Step Beyond*) and Dominic Frontiere (*Stony Burke, The Fugitive, The Invaders*).

Stefano did not seek out prominent science fiction authors to provide his stories and scripts for him. He had noticed that for the most part, the literature of science fiction was too technical and not "human" enough for his tastes. Only one author's name is likely to leap out at you from the list of credits: Harlan Ellison, who won a Hugo Award for his famous *Star Trek* episode, "City on the Edge of Forever," whose short- story collection, "Dangerous Visions," is still a subject of great controversy, who was in on the creation of *The Starlost*, and whose story formed the basis of *A Boy and His Dog*, which won last year's Hugo. Ellison wrote two scripts for *Outer Limits*: "The Soldier," and "The Demon with the Glass Hand."

An afficionado will notice that there are three slightly different styles within the *Outer Limits* universe. Style depended largely upon who was the boss at the time. Stevens is credited with creating the concept for the series, but when it came time to go into production, he was too busy and so asked his old pal Stefano to take over as producer. (Stevens and Stefano once shared a Greenwich Village flat in leaner days when both were struggling songwriters.)

The episodes that Stevens wrote and directed tended to be modern, antiseptic, set in scientific labs and other featureless locales ("The Galaxy Being," "The Borderland," "Production and Decay of Unknown Particles"); while Stefano's shows leaned toward the atmospheric and the Gothic ("Don't Open Till Doomsday," "The Form of Things Unknown").

Yet another style arose at the hand of producer Ben Brady, who assumed control for the second season after Stefano resigned. (Stefano lost his battle to keep *Outer Limits* in its sensible Monday night slot and resigned when the show was suicidally shifted to Saturday night opposite Jackie Gleason.) Brady's show tended to play down the artistic cinematography, diminish the reliance upon monsters, and to depend more heavily upon the writing to produce the effects he desired. Brady gave us the unforgettable "Demon with the Glass Hand," by Ellison, but some of his shows lacked the identifying style of the first-season *Outer Limits*.

One of the episodes, Stefano's "The Invisibles," nearly became a pilot. In it, Don Gordon played a government agent in pursuit of alien invaders. There was talk of a spin-off, but nothing materialized. It has been speculated that Quinn Martin's *The Invaders* may have been inspired by it.

Another episode, "The Forms of Things Unknown," was filmed twice. The telecast version shows David McCallum as a man who invents a device that can "tilt time" and bring the dead back to life. The inventor had himself been dead and was revived through the machine. In the conclusion, McCallum returns to death by re-entering the device and slipping back into his own past. The second version came about when ABC asked Stefano for a pilot for a Hitchcock-like mystery anthology series. Stefano quickly shot some additional footage and recombined elements from "The Forms of Things Unknown."

The new story, now called "The Unknown," said that McCallum only *thinks* he has conquered time. Added scenes show that he is merely insane. At the end, instead of disappearing into the past (how could he since his machine doesn't work?) he is shot to death by Vera Miles!

The mystery version has never been telecast and, obviously, did not result in a mystery series.

The final points to be made can best be made by Stefano himself. These concluding words from the *Outer Limits* canons not only reveal the intelligence behind that show, but also stand as instruction for science fiction producers of the present and of the future:

"There must be no apology, no smirk; each drama, no matter how wordless or timeless, must be spoken with all the seriousness and sincerity and suspension-of-disbelief that a caring and intelligent parent employs in the spinning of a magic-wonderful tale to a child at bedtime. Humor and wit are honorable; the tongue in the cheek is most often condescending and gratuitous. When the tongue is in the cheek it is almost impossible to speak in anything but a garbled, foolish fashion.

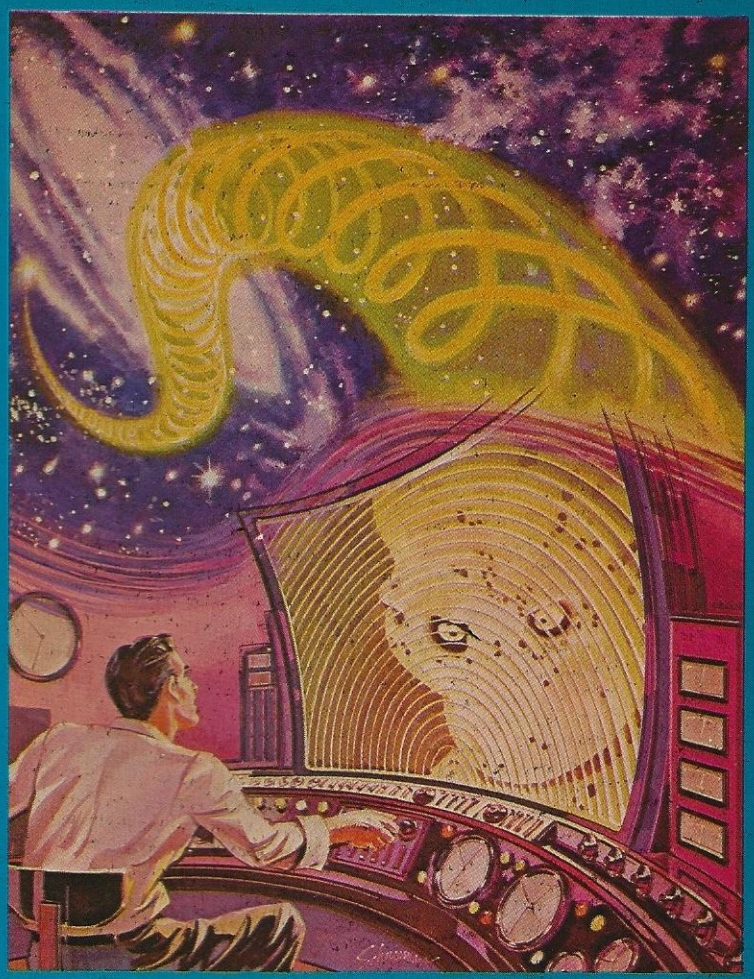
"With a theme deeply-felt, a style carefully wrought, characters and basic situations that are hard—real and identifiable—with these, all that can be said, can be said within the exciting, imaginative, Universe-wide framework of Science Fiction. No idea, no message or statement or plea is beyond the scope of such a framework. The research required to set a particular story in the setting of Science Fiction is not greater nor harder to attain than that research which is necessary to set the same theme in a hospital or a court of law or the dusty chutes of a rodeo.

"All that is required by *Please Stand By* [*Outer Limits*] is the theme.

"And the craft and art and intellect." ★

COMPLETE EPISODE GUIDE TO

The Outer Limits



This promotional art appeared in magazines to advertise the coming of a new TV show— *Outer Limits* (*Please Stand By*). It shows the Galaxy Being, the key figure from the pilot of the same name.

Here is a classic vision of that old SF cliche, the Bug-Eyed Monster. It appeared on the episode entitled "The Architects of Fear." Even though it's a "fake," you can bet that we wouldn't want to cross its path in the dark.

THE GALAXY BEING (9/16/63)

A radio engineer experimenting with a 3-D TV receiver tunes in a being from Andromeda.
Writer and director: Leslie Stevens
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Cliff Robertson (Allan Maxwell), Jacqueline Scott (Carol Maxwell), Lee Phillips (Gene), William O. Douglas (the Being from Andromeda), Don Harvey, Mavis Neal.

THE ONE HUNDRED DAYS OF THE DRAGON (9/23/63)

A winning Presidential candidate is being impersonated by an agent of an Oriental despot who can alter skin structure and change his appearance.
Writer: Albert Balter
Director: Byron Haskin
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Sidney Blackmer (William Lyons Selby), Phil Pine (Pearson), Richard Loo, James Hong, James Yagi.

THE ARCHITECTS OF FEAR (9/30/63)

A group of scientists create a fake "being" from another planet to frighten nations into a peaceful co-existence.
Writer: Meyer Dolinsky
Director: Byron Haskin
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Robert Culp (Allen Leighton), Geraldine Brooks (Mrs. Leighton), Leonard Stone (Dr. Gainer), Hal Bokar, William Bush.

THE MAN WITH THE POWER (10/7/63)

A meek and mild college instructor inherits incredible and uncontrollable mental powers after a unique scientific experiment.
Writer: Jerome Ross
Director: Laslo Benedek
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Donald Pleasance (Harold Finley), Priscilla Morrill (Vera Finley), Edward C. Platt (Dean Radcliff).

A benevolent David McCallum in "The Sixth Finger."

THE SIXTH FINGER (10/14/63)

A geneticist uses a willing, uneducated miner to advance his experiments in evolution and thrusts him forward into the biological future.
Writer: Ellis St. Joseph
Director: James Goldstone
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: David McCallum (Gwyllm), Edward Mulhare (Prof. Mathers), Jill Haworth (Cathy), Constance Cavendish (Gert), Robert Doyle (Wilt Morgan), Nora Marlowe (Mrs. Ives), Janos Prohaska (the monkey).

A view of our future in "The Man Who Was Never Born."

THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER BORN (10/28/63)

An astronaut accidentally passes through a time warp and finds the Earth of 2148 barren and populated by grotesque humanoids.
Writer: Anthony Lawrence
Director: Leonard Horn
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Martin Landau (Andro), Shirley Knight (Noelle), Bob Constantine (Bertram Cabot), Karl Held (Joseph Reardon).

O.B.I.T. (11/4/63)

A senatorial investigation reveals the existence of an electronic surveillance device invented by beings from another world.
Writer: Meyer Dolinsky
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Peter Breck (Senator Jeremiah Orville), Jeff Corey (Lomax), Harry Townes (Dr. Clifford Scott), Jeanne Gilbert (Barbara Scott).

THE HUMAN FACTOR (11/11/63)

At a military base in Greenland, the brains of two men are accidentally exchanged when an experiment goes awry.
Writer: David Duncan
Director: Abe Biberman
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Gary Merrill (Dr. James Hilton), Harry Guardino (Major Brothers), Sally Kellerman (Ingrid).

Appearances are deceiving in "The Human Factor."

CORPUS EARTHLING (11/18/63)

The metal plate in Dr. Cameron's head enables him to overhear an unusual conversation: two black crystalline rocks discussing plans to take over the Earth by possessing the bodies of human beings.
Writer: Orin Borstein (from a story by Louis Charborneau)
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Robert Culp (Dr. Paul Cameron), Salome Jens (Laura Cameron), Barry Atwater (Dr. Jonas Temple), David Garner, and Ken Renard.

NIGHTMARE (12/2/63)

Aliens from the planet Ebon attack the Earth and capture some of its inhabitants. As prisoners of war, the Earthmen undergo intensive alien interrogation.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: John Erman
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Ed Nelson (Col. Luke Stone), James Shigeta (Major Jong), Martin Sheen (Private Dix), David Frankham (Capt. Brookman), John Anderson (Chief Interrogator), Whit Bissel (The General).

Outer Limits co-producer Joseph Stefano with the lizard-fish from "Tourist Attraction."

IT CRAWLED OUT OF THE WOODWORK (12/9/63)

A ball of black dust, sucked into a vacuum cleaner, feeds on the motor's energy and grows to uncontrollable proportions.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Scott Marlowe (Jory Peters), Michael Forest (Dr. stuart Peters), Barbara Luna (Gaby Christian), Joan Camden (Professor Linden), Kent Smith (Dr. Bloch), Edward Asner (police inspector).

THE BORDERLAND (12/16/63)

Financed by a wealthy man hoping to contact his dead son, a team of scientists propell themselves into the fourth dimension, where everything is a mirror image of itself.
Writer and director: Leslie Stevens
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Mark Richman (Ian Fraser), Nina Foch (Eva Frazier), Philip Abbott (Russell), Barry Jones, Gene Raymond, Gladys Cooper.

TOURIST ATTRACTION (12/23/63)

Tycoon John Dexter, on a fishing cruise in South America, captures an enormous and supposedly extinct "lizard-fish."
Writer: Dean Riesner
Director: Laslo Benedek
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Ralph Meeker (John Dexter), Henry Silva (The General), Janet Blair (Lynn Archer), Jerry Douglas (Evans).

These unappealing little creatures are "The Zanti Misfits," exiled to live on Earth.

THE ZANTI MISFITS (12/30/63)

The rulers of the planet Zanti, incapable of executing their criminals, send them into exile—on planet Earth.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Leonard Horn
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Michael Tolan (Steven Grave), Robert F. Simon (General Hart), Bruce Dern (Ben Garth), Lex Johnson (The Operator), Olive Deering (Lisa Lawrence), Claude Woolman (Major Hill).

You can look at but you can't touch this alien. A forcefield protects him from prying human hands in the episode "The Bellero Shield."

THE MICE (1/6/64)

As an alternative to spending his life in prison, Chino Rivera volunteers for the "inhabitant exchange" program being conducted with the planet Chromo.
Writers: Bill S. Ballinger and Joseph Stefano (from a story by Bill S. Ballinger and Lou Morheim)
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Henry Silva (Chino Rivera), Diana Sands, Michael Higgins, Gene Tyburn, Don Ross.

CONTROLLED EXPERIMENT (1/13/64)

Martians Phobos and Diemos investigate Earth's quaint custom of homicide by using a machine that can replay a murder in fast and slow motion.
Writer and director: Leslie Stevens
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Barry Morse (Phobos), Carroll O'Conner (Diemos), Grace Lee Whitney (Carla), Robert Kelljan (Frank).

DON'T OPEN TILL DOOMSDAY (1/20/64)

Two eloping teenagers spend their wedding night in a mysterious bridal suite that hasn't been occupied since 1929. In the room is a box containing a creature from another planet.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cast: Miriam Hopkins (Mrs. Kry), Melinda Plowman (Vivia), Buck Taylor (Gard Hayden), Russell Collins (Justice of the Peace), David Frankham (Harvey Kry), John Hoyt (Vivia's father).

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z (1/27/64)

A queen bee assumes human form to lure entomologist Ben Fields into her strange world—as a human drone.
Writer: Meyer Dolinsky
Director: John Brahm
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Phillip Abbott (Ben Fields), Joanna Frank (Queen Bee/Regina) Marsha Hunt (Mrs. Fields), Booth Coleman.

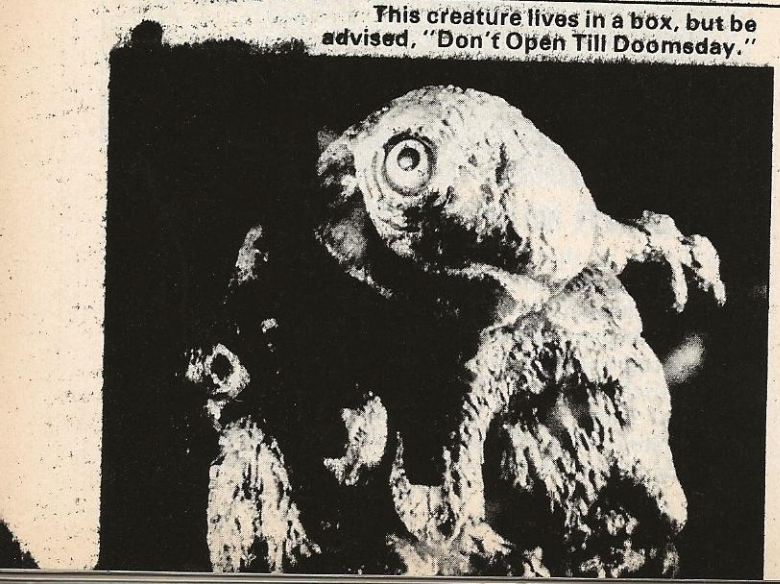
THE INVISIBLES (2/3/64)

A government intelligence agent infiltrates a strange society known as the "Invisible," which hopes to conquer mankind by attaching parasitic creatures to the spinal cords of human beings.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Don Gordon (Luis Spain), George Macready (Strategist), Tony Mordente (Planetta), Walter Burke, Neil Hamilton.

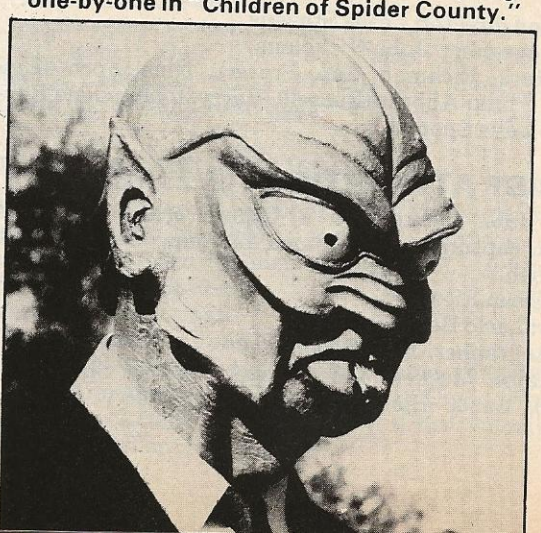
THE BELLERO SHIELD (2/10/64)

A scientist accidentally captures a space creature that protects itself with an indestructible and invisible shield.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Martin Landau (Richard Bellero, Jr.), Sally Kellerman (Judith Bellero), Chita Rivera (Mrs. Day), John Hoyt (space creature), Neil Hamilton (Bellero, Sr.).

This creature lives in a box, but be advised, "Don't Open Till Doomsday."



An alien father reclaims his Earth offspring one-by-one in "Children of Spider County."



An amusement park joy ride turns out to be the real thing in the episode "A Second Chance."

Warren Oates played a scientist exposed to a deadly, unearthly rain in "The Mutant."

CHILDREN OF SPIDER COUNTY (2/17/64)

Five geniuses of strangely similar backgrounds vanish. Their father, an alien from a distant world, returns to claim them.
Writer: Anthony Lawrence
Director: Leonard Horn
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Lee Kinsolving (Ethan Wechsler), Kent Smith (Abel), Burt Douglas, Dabbs Greer, Joey Tata, John Milford, Robert Osterloh.

SPECIMEN: UNKNOWN (2/24/64)

Space station crewmen encounter mushroom-like organisms that emit a lethal gas and multiply with astounding rapidity.
Writer: Stephan Lord
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Stephen McNally (Col. MacWilliams), Russell Johnson (Capt. Mike Doweling), Art Batanides (Lt. Kenneth Gavin), Richard Jaeckel.

SECOND CHANCE (a/k/a JOY RIDE) (3/2/64)

A group of people board an amusement park spaceship ride and then discover it's the real thing commandeered by an alien captain.
Writers: Lou Morheim and Lin Dane
Director: Paul Stanley
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Simon Oakland (Empyrian), Don Gordon (Dave Crowell), Janet DeGore, John McLiam, Angela Clarke.

MOONSTONE (3/9/64)

A staff of military and scientific personnel on the moon discovers a strange object that is round, smooth—and alive.
Writer: William Bast (based on a story by Lou Morheim and Joseph Stefano)
Director: Robert Flory
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: Ruth Roman (Diana), Alex Nicol (Stocker), Tim O'Conner.

THE MUTANT (3/16/64)

Caught in a strange silvery rain on another planet, scientist Reese Fowler mutates into a telepathic killer.
Writer: Allan Balter and Robert Mintz (from a story by Jerome B. Thomas)
Director: Alan Crosland, Jr.
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Warren Oates (Reese Fowler), Julie Betsy Jones Moreland (Julie Griffith), Walter Burke, Larry Pennell, Richard Deer.

THE GUESTS (3/23/64)

Drifter Wade Norton stumbles upon a strange house where time stands still—and whose occupants are captive guests of a weird and unearthly creature.
Writer: Donald S. Sanford
Director: Paul Stanley
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Gloria Grahame (Florida Patton), Geoffrey Horne (Wade Norton), Luana Anders (Tess), Neille Burt, Vaughn Taylor.

FUN AND GAMES (3/30/64)

The "fun and games" on the satellite Arena consist of pitting creatures from other worlds against one another, with the losers forfeiting the lives of all the inhabitants of their own planet.
Writers: Robert Specht and Joseph Stefano
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Nick Adams (Mike Benson), Nancy Malone (Laura), Ray Kellogg, Bill Hart, Robert Johnson.

THE SPECIAL ONE (4/6/64)

An agent from the planet Xenon is tutoring brilliant Earth children for a special project . . . the conquest of Earth.
Writer: Oliver Crawford
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Richard Ney (Mr. Zeno), Flip Mark (Kenny Benjamin), Macdonald Carey (Roy Benjamin), Marion Ross (Agnes).

Phyllis Love is examined in "A Feasibility Study."

A FEASIBILITY STUDY (4/13/64)

Six city blocks have been transported to another galaxy.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Byron Haskin
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: San Wanamaker (Dr. Simon Holm), Phyllis Love (Andrea Holm), Frank Puglia, Ben Wright, David Ospatoshu, Joyce Van Patton.

PRODUCTION AND DECAY OF STRANGE PARTICLES (4/20/64)

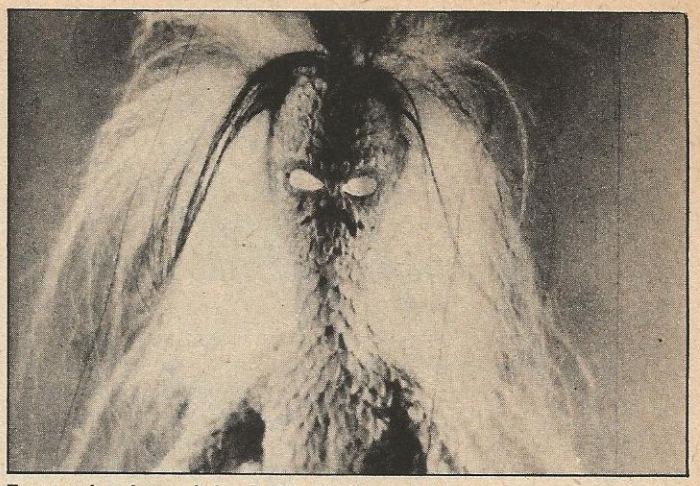
After a nuclear reactor goes out of control, a flood of radiation is released in the form of near-human creatures.
Writer and director: Leslie Stevens
Cinematographer: John Nickolaus
Cast: George Macready (Marshall), Signe Hasso (Laurel), Allyson Ames (Arndis), Joseph Ruskin, John Duke, Leonard Nimoy.

THE CHAMELEON (4/27/64)

Intelligence agent Louis Mace disguises himself to infiltrate a party of creatures from another planet.
Writers: Robert Towne, Joseph Stefano, and Lou Morheim
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Robert Duvall (Louis Mace), Howard Caine (Chambers), Henry Brandon (General Crawford), Douglas Henderson, William O'Connell.

THE FORMS OF THINGS UNKNOWN (5/4/64)

An elusive and enigimatic madman has devised a machine that can "tilt" time and bring the dead back to life.
Writer: Joseph Stefano
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer: Conrad Hall
Cast: Vera Miles (Kassia Paine), Barbara Rush (Leonora Edmund), Scott Marlowe (Andre Pavan), Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Colas), David McCallum (Tone Hobart).



Funny, he doesn't look like William Shatner. From the episode, "Cold Hands, Warm Heart."

SOLDIER (9/19/74)

A quirk in time lands an Earth soldier of the future back in our present time.
Writer: Harlan Ellison
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cinematographer for all second season episodes: Kenneth Peach
Cast: Lloyd Nolan (Kagan), Michael Ansara (Qarlo), Tim O'Conner (Tanner), Catherine McLeod (Abby), Jill Hill (Toni), Alan Jaffe (Enemy).

COLD HANDS, WARM HEART (9/26/64)

Astronaut Jeff Barton returns from a successful orbit around the scorching planet Venus—and finds that he can't keep himself warm.
Writers: Dan Ulman and Milton Krims
Director: Charles Haas
Cast: William Shatner (Jeff), Geraldine Brooks (Ann), Lloyd Gough (General Claiborne), Malachi Throne (Dr. Mike).

BEHOLD, ECK! (10/3/64)

By chance, eye-specialist James Stone fashions several pairs of glasses which enable the wearers to see a two-dimensional monster.
Writer: John Mantley (from a story by William Cox)
Director: Byron Haskins
Cast: Peter Lind Hayes (Dr. James Stone), Joan Freeman (Elizabeth Dunn), Parley Baer (Dr. Bernard Stone), Jack Wilson (Sergeant Jackson).

EXPANDING HUMAN (10/10/64)

A university professor experiments with a drug that expands human consciousness.
Writer: Francis Cockrell
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cast: Skip Homeier (Roy Clinton), Keith Andes (Dr. Peter Wayne), James Doohan (Lt. Branch), Vaughn Taylor (Dean Flint).

DEMON WITH A GLASS HAND (10/17/64)

The last survivor on Earth is hunted by Alien soldiers from a distant future who have invaded the planet via a time mirror.
Writer: Harlan Ellison
Director: Byron Haskin
Cast: Robert Culp (Trent), Arline Martel (Consuelo), Steve Harris (Breech), Abraham Sofaer (Arch), Rex Holman (Battle), Robert Hortier (Budge).

CRY OF SILENCE (10/24/64)

In a remote canyon, Andy and Karen Thorne are stalked by animated tumbleweeds possessed by an alien intelligence.
Writer: Louis Charbonneau
Director: Charles Haas
Cast: Eddie Albert (Andy Thorne), June Havoc (Karen Thorne), Arthur Hunnicut (Lamont).

THE INVISIBLE ENEMY (10/31/64)

An expedition to Mars is menaced by a horde of horrendous monsters who dwell in a sea of sand.
Writer: Jerry Sohl
Director: Byron Haskin
Cast: Adam West (Merritt), Rudy Solari (Buckley), Joe Maross (General Winston), Chris Alcaide (Col. Danvers).

WOLF 359 (11/7/64)

A professor reproduces a distant planet in miniature and watches evolution take place in a speeded-up fasion.
Writer: Seeleg Lester and Richard Landau
Director: Laslo Benedek
Cast: Patrick O'Neal, Sara Shane (Ethel Wragg), Peter Haskell (Peter Jellicoe), Ben Wright (Philip Exeter Dundee).

I, ROBOT (11/14/64)

An almost-human robot is put on trial for murdering his creator.
Writer: Otto Binder
Director: Leon Benson
Cast: Red Morgan (Adam the Robot), Howard Da Silva (Cutler), Marianna Hill (Nina), Hugh Sanders (Barclay), John Hoyt (Prof. Hebbel).

THE INHERITORS (Part One) (11/21/64)

After a meteor crashes in the Hui Tan Provence, handmade bullets molded from its ore find their way to battle. Four soldiers are struck down with the bullets—creating a powerful alien intelligence; a "second brain" in the head of each man that elevates their IQs to genius level.
Writers: Sam Newman, Seeleg Lester, and Ed Adamson
Director: James Goldstone
Cast: Robert Duvall (Ballard), Steve Ihnat (Lt. Minns), Ivan Dixon (Conover), Dee Pollock (Hadley), James Frawley (Renaldo), Ted DeCorsica (Branch), Donald Harran (Harris), Dabbs Greer (Larkin).

THE INHERITORS (Part Two) (11/28/64)

(Credits—the same as Part One)
Four soldiers, turned into scientific geniuses as the result of gunshot wounds from four identical bullets, are engaged in a mysterious project involving a number of children.

KEEPER OF THE PURPLE TWILIGHT (12/5/64)

An alien scientist (Ikar), makes a deal to exchange his intellect for an Earth scientist's emotions. Complications arise when he falls in love with the Earthman's wife.
Writer: Milton Krims
Director: Charles Haas
Cast: Warren Stevens (Eric), Robert Webber (Ikar), Gail Kobe (Janet), Curt Conway (Franklin Karlin), Edward C. Platt (David Hunt).

THE DUPLICATE MAN (12/19/64)

To recapture a murderous space creature, twenty-first century space anthropologist Henderson James creates a duplicate of himself.
Writer: Robert Dennis (from a story by Clifford Simak)
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cast: Ron Randell (Henderson James I and II), Constance Towers (Laura James), Mike Lane (the Megasoid), Sean McClory (Emmet).

COUNTERWEIGHT (12/26/64)

Six ordinary people and an extraordinary patch of light board a simulated flight to another planet which turns out to be real.
Writer: Milton Krims
Director: Paul Stanley
Cast: Michael Constantime (Dix), Jacqueline scott (Alicia), Graham Denton (Dr. James), Shary Marshall (Maggie O'Hara).

THE BRAIN OF COLONEL BARHAM (1/2/65)

Scientist decide that the ideal instrument for space exploration would be a computer activated by a human brain.
Writer: Robert C. Dennis
Director: Charles Haas
Cast: Grant Williams (McKinnon), Anthony Eisely (Col. Barham), Elizabeth Perry (Jennifer Barham).

THE PREMONITION (1/9/65)

Test pilot Jim Darcy and his wife are both saved from a sudden death by an equally sudden suspension of time.
Writer: Sam Rocca and Ib Melchoir
Director: Gerd Oswald
Cast: Dewey Martin (Jim Darcy), Mary Murphy (Linda Darcy), Emma Tyson (Jane Darcy), William Bramley (Baldy Baldwin).

THE PROBE (1/23/65)

The survivors of a Pacific plane crash find themselves sitting motionless on a seemingly solid sea.
Writer: Seeleg Lester (from a story by Sam Neuman)
Director: Felix Feist
Cast: Mark Richman (Jefferson Rome), Peggy Ann Garner (Amanda Rome), Ron Hayes (Coberly), Janos Prohaska (the "Mikie").

Far left: How would you adjust to finding your mind in an alien body? Even if it meant you were "Keeper of the Purple Twilight?"

Left: A simulated interplanetary trip turns into a nightmare for those who unfortunately become involved in the episode "Counterweight."

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Acknowledgments

Many collectors have offered us invaluable materials to use in STARLOG for the enjoyment of science fiction fans everywhere. We would like to gratefully acknowledge their help and support. In particular, we want to thank Wade Williams (Fantasy Films) and Bob Langley (Langley Associates) for the beautiful film clips and color slides that they made available to us for this issue.

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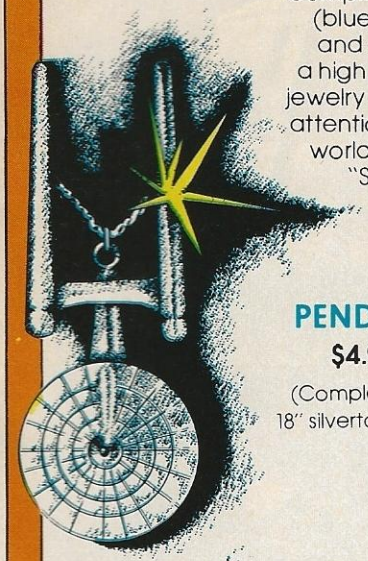

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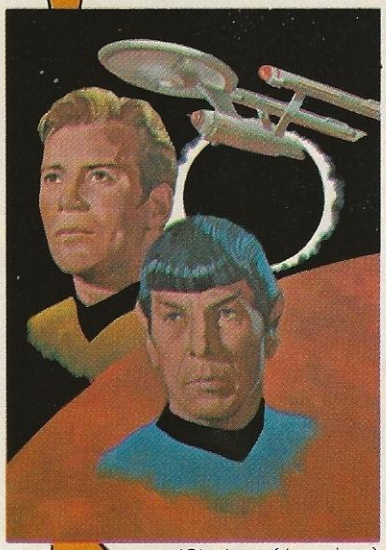

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VISIONS

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Above: Bruce Dern tends to his robot drones on one of the orbiting greenhouses in Universal Pictures' *Silent Running.* The greenhouses contained the last of the earth's flora, and when the order came to destroy it all, Dern rebelled and sent the stations out of orbit into deep space. To alleviate his lonliness and boredom, Dern programmed the various robots to play poker and pool with him. Like Robbie in *Forbidden Planet,* they nearly stole the show.

Left: Lear-Siegler's Mailmobile is a self-propelled, automatically guided vehicle which travels at 1.5 feet per second and is programmed to stop immediately if it encounters any obstacle. It can function as messenger, delivery wagon, and movable bulletin board, making its rounds along an invisible path with a maximum load of five hundred pounds of mail and office supplies. Though limited in its practical uses to offices with considerable floor space, the Mailmobile certainly fits the definition of "an apparatus that performs certain actions by respondint to preset controls or encoded instructions."

Right: And speaking of Robbie, he seems to be indicating here that all should "Live Long and Prosper."

ROBOTS: FACT AND FANCY

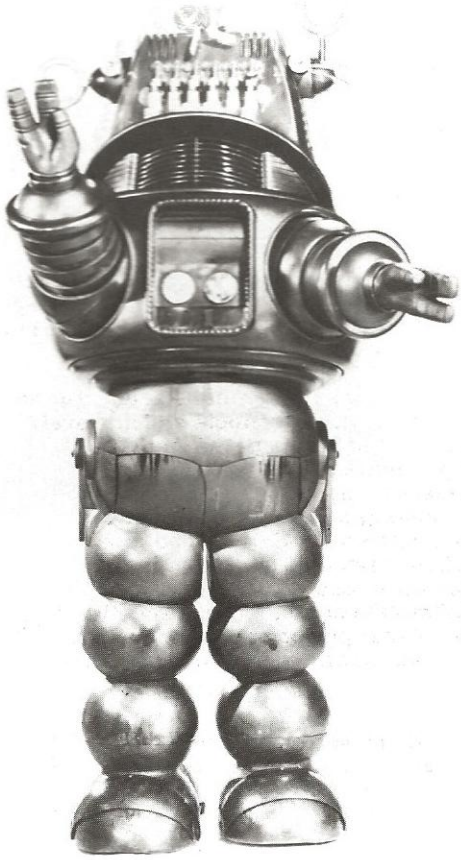
Ever since Karel Capek invented the word "robot" in his play *R.U.R.* (short for Rossums's Universal Robots) in 1921, the idea of a machine that can think, talk, and do our work for us had driven not only science fiction writers but scientists as well. How far are we from Robbie's birth? According to *Forbidden Planet*, Robbie won't make his entrance for some three hundred years or so. But we shouldn't have to wait quite that long.

The fact is that robots already exist. They are technically called automatons—according to *Webster's*: "an apparatus that automatically performs certain actions by responding to preset controls or encoded instructions." This variety of robot can perform some of the less intellectually demanding jobs that people have been doing on assembly lines, and under the proper circumstances, the robot's efficiency and accuracy can surpass that of a human. So far, however, that is about the extent of a modern robot's capability.

Research is presently divided between the more mundane industrial applications (assembly work, tightening bolts, and quality tests, etc.) and the more spectacular work for the space program and medical research. By now, almost everyone knows that word "bionics." The opposite of the bionic person is the robot that is an independent entity capable of making its own decisions based on available data—often incomplete data. For example, if a human sees a tree falling in the woods, then turns away to some other stimulus, that person will quickly turn back around if he does *not* hear the tree hit the ground. In other words, humans can react to an *absence* of information as strongly as to a direct stimulus. How does one program a robot to process information that isn't there?

NASA is working on that very problem at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California. Due to the twelve minute roundtrip necessary for radio communications with a Mars lander, NASA needs a machine capable of making survival decisions on its own without wasting time calling Earth for instructions. Scientists are putting together a preliminary "breadboard" robot using two TV cameras, a laser range finder, and a five-foot mechanical arm that may serve as a prototype for such a lander in the mid-eighties. The hope is that they can also come up with a machine capable of designing and carrying out its own programs. If everything goes according to schedule, the prototype should be ready for mounting on a chassis for mobility tests this winter. One interesting sidelight to this program is that, to save time and to speed development, the technicians are assuming great advances in computer miniaturization by the mid-eighties and are using larger, more complex computers than are presently feasible for use in such a robot.

Robot researchers tend to be very cautious about predicting the beginning of the Age of Robots. Various estimates, from the year 2000 for an "intelligent" robot to flat statements that a Robbie-type robot will never exist, tend to make one overlook the fact that many scientists twenty-five years ago were predicting the turn of the century for a landing on the moon. The next twenty-five years may surprise us. ★



Above: Talk about a poker face! Wonder why Dern is the only one sweating out this hot game of stud?

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